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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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THE McADOO POLICY.

A CARTOON BY BOWERS IN THE JERSEY CITY EVENING JOURNAL

"Clean" Books

THE Editors of this *Review* are constantly urged by letter and otherwise to join what is described as a nation-wide drive for "clean books" and "clean plays." They are frequently criticized for giving space to books which the plaintiffs say are not "clean," and as frequently bedeviled for refusing to agree that there is only one right and only one wrong in the controversy.

"Clean" and "dirty" in American criticism always refer to sex. A "clean" book, it seems, can be morally unsound if only it keeps off the theme of sex. We would therefore urge those who ask for cleaner books to consider very carefully just what they want of sex in literature before they begin to attack. Precisely what reform do they wish to bring about? Do they propose to return to Victorian reticence; to replace the barrier through which no writer in English before our time could pass freely into fields where every aspect of a rounded life could be discussed with the freedom required for art? If so, their time is wasted and their opposition is futile, if not positively menacing. Realism, which in common with all of us they praise in business, in politics, and even in the churches, was bound and hampered in literature until the taboos on sex topics were broken down. To restrict frankness in fiction is to stifle the imagination of a period which science has made willing to face facts.

If, on the other hand, it is not free speaking but the character of the speaker and his speech to which they object, then they have a case, but they must realize more clearly than at present just what it is that makes so many modern books objectionable to right-minded people. It is not frankness; it is a phase of democracy that is responsible for the vulgar and prurient writing that gives a bad distinction to so many cheap magazines and current novels of night life in great cities. The problems and incidents of sex must be fitted delicately into words. Unless nicely balanced by a civilized imagination they slide into priggishness or mawkishness on one side, or into vulgarity, lasciviousness, or the merely disgusting on the other. The humorous, the witty, the tender, and the sensual are as hard to hold as the beautiful and the true. And this delicacy is more than technique, it is a product of experience, for it is well known how difficult it is in life to hold sex hap-

(*Continued on page* 308)

A Great Executive

CROWDED YEARS. By WILLIAM GIBBS McADOO, in collaboration with W. E. WOODWARD. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1931. $5.

Reviewed by HON. JOSEPHUS DANIELS

NO man writes an autobiography unless he has done something that he or his friends think is worthy to be preserved in permanent record. The personal pronoun is inseparable from the life story. If there is no "I" the book ought not to be written. To be sure some writers have referred to themselves by name, but such memoirs were as personal as if the personal pronoun had been used. It is probably better to say: "I did this" or "I advised that" than to camouflage the personal story with a veneer of simulated modesty. Mr. McAdoo held a place of power—in fact several places—in the era of the greatest money raising and money spending by the Government in its history. He had to do both with the raising of thirty odd billion dollars and with their spending, and he had leadership in every fiscal policy of the government from 1913 until after the Armistice. Wider power was conferred upon him than upon any or all of his predecessors. To say that he used it all without mistakes would be to say that he was the superman of whom so much is written and so little seen. His enemies (and like all strong men, he had them) were free to point them out and condemn them. His friends sometimes feared there would come a break in his health, which was indeed temporarily impaired by taxing himself with more duties than any man ought to undertake.

McAdoo had a flair for work and a soaring ambition which forbade him to place any limit on his readiness to assume responsibility. As a boy selling newspapers in Georgia he showed the spirit of achievement which shone in him when he held four big jobs in Washington. As a young lawyer and politician in Tennessee he let no obstacle stand in his way. He always was attracted by big jobs, calling for imagination and strenuous effort and faith that could remove mountains. His conception of the plan to electrify street cars in Knoxville was a burning obsession until he put an end to the cars going through

(*Continued on page* 309)

Swan Song

By BEN LAPIDUS

BREED of the pioneer
and the immigrant,
beating portentous
feet on the pavement,
dying in foundries
underneath offices
all broken-hearted.....
dare I go back to them?

Once having left them,
flown over oceans
bearing my black swan
hatred within me,
dare I go back to them
underneath offices
strutting unwinged?

They will not know me.
They will remember
(blood of my blood
dying in foundries)
only portentous
feet on the pavement
heard by their grandchildren.

*Science and Mathematics**

By J. B. S. HALDANE

IN this age of applied science it is gradually beginning to be realized that, if civilization is to continue, scientific thought must be applied to men as well as to nature. Hence the public is beginning to try to understand how scientific workers approach a problem. And here they are at once confronted with the curious, but as we shall see, quite intelligible inarticulateness of most scientific workers. In England the most widely read writers on science are Russell, Eddington, and Jeans. It is not a mere coincidence that all three are first-rate mathematicians, that is to say experts in the use of symbols. Russell and Jeans, so far as I know, have never published the result of a single observation of nature, much less of an experiment. Eddington is a great observer, but not a great experimenter. Hence although the three differ on fundamental problems, from the existence of God downwards, their scientific experience is almost wholly confined to the art of organizing known facts, rather than of eliciting new facts from nature. Hence their account of the scientific outlook is inevitably different from that of the laboratory worker.

This difference appears as early as the introduction to Russell's new book. While he realizes that science is both knowledge and technique, he states that the technique, though practically important, has little intrinsic value. Now as a physiologist I note that I need as large an area of brain to control my hands as my vocal organs. And as a scientific worker I note that some of my colleagues appear to do most of their thinking with their hands, and are extremely inexpert in the use of words. One Fellow of the Royal Society, I am told, did not even learn to talk till he was ten years old. He is still a bad talker, but he designs and makes apparatus that can solve problems which have appeared insoluble to better talkers and mathematicians.

So I suspect that Russell, in spite of an attitude far more sympathetic to science than that of most mathematicians, let alone philosophers, has only grasped so much of the scientific outlook as is expressed in words or symbols, rather than actions. This appears in his first chapter, where he describes, as examples of scientific method, the work of Galileo, Newton, Darwin, and Pavlov. We are told that Galileo made a telescope. But we get no indication of the fact that this was an immense technical achievement. One cannot read Galileo's dialogues without feeling that he thought like an engineer rather than a mathematician.

In the case of Newton there is no hint that besides inventing the calculus and the law of gravitation, he actually experimented on optics, which he advanced as much as anyone before or since. So with Darwin. We read that he traveled, observed, and reflected, but not that his experiments on plant-breeding, besides being highly ingenious, were extremely accurate.

It is fairly clear that Russell regards the skilful manipulation of symbols as an activity altogether more respectable than that of material objects, though he never states this belief explicitly. This eminently academic view permeates his whole thought. Galileo's arguments purporting to prove that the earth's movement was conformable to Holy Writ were probably no better than those of the inquisitors who held the contrary view, but his telescope was better than their eyes.

Russell's knowledge of biology is also not on a level with his knowledge of physics. Indeed he makes a few demonstrably false statements about biology. And it is going too far to say, as he does, that biologists regard natural selection as inadequate to account for evolution. Some biologists hold this view. Others (including myself) are rather more Darwinian than Darwin. Nor (I hope) is it true that mathematics are inapplicable to the problem of evolution, as I happen to have published a mathematical theory of natural selection in eight instalments, and there are more to come. For the same reason, he says very little about statistical methods, which have been developed, largely by biologists, to enable us to deal with cases where we cannot get information as complete as the physicist can sometimes obtain, and which offer one of the few hopes of introducing scientific methods into politics.

I feel that Russell's preoccupation with mathematical physics is largely responsible for the pessimism which he attributes to scientists. "While science as the pursuit of power becomes increasingly triumphant," he writes, "science as the pursuit of truth is being killed by a scepticism which the skill of the men of science has generated." As a director of research in two laboratories I find no signs of this scepticism among the workers there, nor do I find it among my colleagues who are researching in experimental physics. They mostly hold that if Eddington or Russell really believe that the universe is expanding or has no coherence or order, this merely shows that symbols can be as intoxicating to mathematicians as are ordinary words to politicians.

In spite of these limitations in his out-

* THE SCIENTIFIC OUTLOOK. By BERTRAND RUSSELL. New York: W. W. Norton. 1931. $3.

This Week

"JAPAN'S SPECIAL POSITION IN MANCHURIA."
Reviewed by VICTOR A. YAKHONTOFF.

"LETTERS OF EMILY DICKINSON."
Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

"SISTER AIMÉE."
Reviewed by ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES.

"A BURIED TREASURE."
Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT.

"UNFINISHED BUSINESS."
Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM.

"PENHALLY."
Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS.

ALICE AND THE AQUITANIA.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Next Week, or Later

WILLIAM COWPER.
By NEILSON CAMPBELL HANNAY.

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look, Russell is much more sympathetic with the scientific standpoint than most other popular writers on similar topics; and just for this reason, the last, and in many ways the most interesting part of his book, which deals with the scientific society, appears plausible to a scientific worker. Russell foresees the application of scientific technique to social problems, and the result is not an ideal society, even if it be somewhat more desirable than our own. He believes that, after another European war, the United States will probably take over the organization of the ruins; and that the resulting world-government by millionaires will probably be replaced by a government of experts. It would be interesting to know how far the current economic collapse in the United States and the apparent success of the Russian five-year plan would induce him to modify this view were he writing today. In any case, communism is rapidly becoming a matter of government by technicians, which accounts for its success.

In the scientific state there will be no war or real poverty, and a minimum of disease. The working class will be educated to be docile, industrious, punctual, thoughtless, and contented. They will probably largely be sterilized, so as to allow them unlimited frivolous love affairs. The ruling class will continually provide them with new amusements, and devise new methods of propaganda to increase their reverence for their governors.

These latter, selected by psychological tests in early childhood, and especially treated to secure the maximum of ability, will be trained in intelligence, self-command, and leadership. But they will combine these with a fanatical loyalty to their class and its ideals, and a contempt for other human values. Individual love will be regarded as antisocial, and likely to lead to complexes. Science will gradually become more technical and more cruel, and the social order will slowly develop instability as other tyrannies have done in the past. The detail of such a social system, and the fate of an unscientific intellectual in it, are described in a novel called "Man's World," written by my wife in 1926. Russell agrees with her forecast in most respects.

Such a prophecy is natural enough in view of the author's bias already noted. "It is only in so far as we renounce the world as its lovers that we can conquer it as its technicians," he writes. "But this division in the soul is fatal to what is best in man." My own experience as a biologist is exactly to the contrary. Until I took to scientific plant-breeding I did not appreciate the beauty of flowers. If I find out how to produce a certain change in the composition of my blood I want to know what it feels like, to appreciate it as a fact of life as well as a fact of chemistry. Thus I regard it as interesting that, after taking the largest quantity of calcium chloride on record, I dreamt that Edward Lear had written and illustrated a life of Christ. It was a strange book, but not essentially irreverent. Unfortunately the only detail of it which remains clearly in my memory is Pontius Pilate's moustache.

As science permeates psychology I look for such a heightening of human self-consciousness as would wreck the complacency of Russell's ruling class. His scientific state is a state of engineers rather than of biologists. It is perfectly possible that his forecast is correct. But if so, it will be because biology developed too late to take its rightful place beside physics.

Like all Russell's books, including "Principia Mathematica," this is exceedingly witty. Wit consists in the unexpected but appropriate juxtaposition of ideas, and it was just the capacity for such a juxtaposition which made him a great mathematician. Thus we read of physicists: "Only mathematics and mathematical logic can say as little as the physicist means to say," and of psychoanalysts: "I suppose that, for practical purposes, 'phantasy' is what the patient believes, and 'reality' what the analyst believes." But perhaps the wittiest thing in the book is the examination of the theological deductions of Eddington and Jeans. Eddington regards it as probable that physical laws do not hold for certain atomic events, and thinks that mind may act on the physical world by taking advantage of this fact. Jeans, on the other hand, is so impressed by the reign of precise mathematical laws in the universe that he postulates a mathematical creator. It would thus seem that in so far as Eddington is right, Jeans's creator has scamped his work. But in so far as the universe attains a mathematical perfection worthy of that hypothetical being, it leaves no place for free will, and the apparent influence of our minds on it is an illusion. Russell contrives to knock the heads of his distinguished colleagues together with a resounding crack, but I do not feel that he is justified in writing that "the bulk of eminent physicists" have made pronouncements that materialism is disproved and religion reëstablished. I do not recall any such statements by Barkla, Bragg, Richardson, Rutherford, or Thompson, to mention five Nobel prizemen in physics. The bulk of eminent physicists confine their attention to physics and do not enter into theological controversy on either side.

This book will be widely read and deserves to be. But its readers will do well to remember that its author is an intensely individual human being, endowed with rather strong emotions which inevitably influence his thought except when he is thinking according to certain definite rules. Now there is a technique for thinking scientifically about matter, but as yet none for thinking scientifically about science, except perhaps in the writing of the Russian authors who are investigating the influence of economic conditions on scientific output. Every scientific worker will be interested to learn what is Russell's outlook on science, and will benefit by seeing himself as another sees him, when that other has the originality and intellectual courage of a Russell. But even Russell is not a passionless thinking-machine; the subject matter of the book is science, but the outlook is Russell.

J. B. S. Haldane, one of the most brilliant of contemporary British scientists, is reader in biochemistry in Cambridge University and head of the Genetical Department of the John Innes Horticultural Institution. He is a frequent contributor to scientific journals and the author of several books, among which are "Dædalus," "Possible Worlds," and "Science and Ethics."

A Country Still Loved

THE CAROLINA LOW-COUNTRY. By AUGUSTINE T. SMYTHE, HERBERT RAVENEL SASS, ALFRED HUGER, BEATRICE RAVENEL, THOMAS R. WARING, ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE, JOSEPHINE PINCKNEY, CAROLINA PINCKNEY RUTLEDGE, DU BOSE HEYWARD, KATHARINE C. HUTSON, ROBERT W. GORDON. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1931. $5.

Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

THERE are many attributes of the famous low-country of the Carolinas which make it worthy of celebration in a book which (like this one) is more penetrating and imaginative than travel books or manuals. It is a country of low tones, of purple lights on marsh grass and pine forest, of great domes of live oaks softened by trends of lilac moss, of sea islands fed by mist, and high-arched plantation houses, rosy in the sunlight. It is a spacious country, once the seat of an aristocratic society, happier and more truly successful than anything we can show as the result of wage slavery. It is a country made, but not spoiled, by man, with for its capital a rose and violet city seated between two rivers and looking out to sea, like a Platonic ideal of New York. And most noteworthy of all, this land of meandering creeks, dim swamps, bright rice marshes, and sun-shot pine woods always has been and still is one of the few regions in the United States loved by its inhabitants with such a devotion as one often finds in England, sometimes in France, but nowhere else to the same degree East, West, North, or South in this republic. Pride and boasting, as in California, are different; confidence, as in the Middle West, is different; respect, as in New England, is different. Here, and perhaps in Virginia, alone is the love of soil, love of place, which is so alien to modern American life.

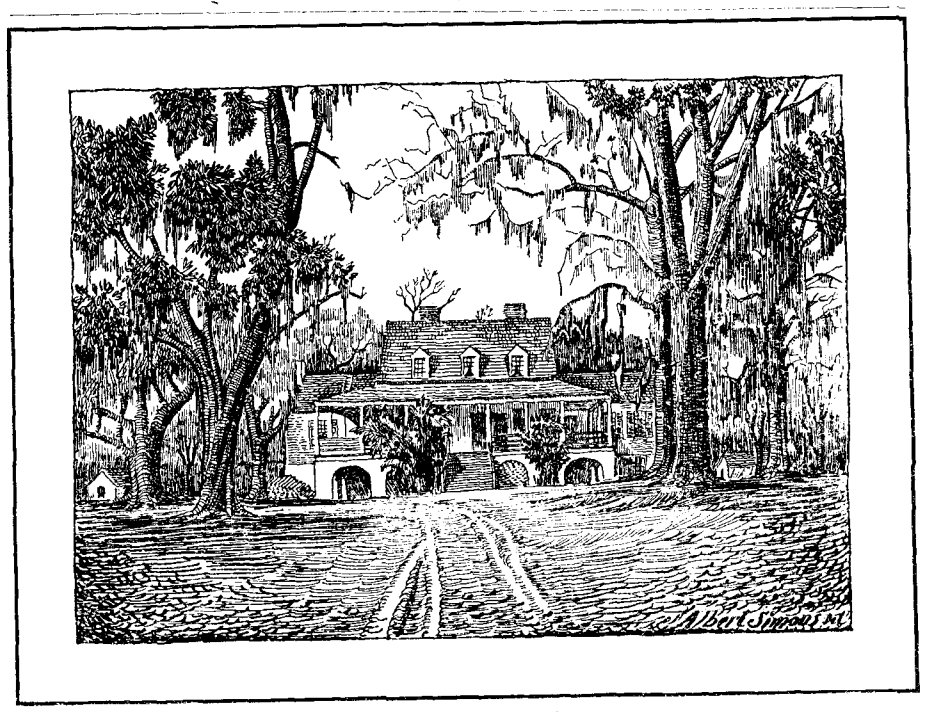
Of course, it is not love of scenery, although there is that in the low-country landscape which touches the imagination even of the alien. The scene has been humanized by three centuries of spacious living, by men of considerable genius cropping freely from the soil, by the complete disaster of a ruinous war, and by a long tragedy of relinquishment. Even the Northerners who have bought the great plantations for hunting reserves, repainted the gray cypress houses, and repointed the rosy brick walls, are captured as Ireland captured the Englishman, and share this last spell of a land which, like Ireland, will lose its charm if it learns the new meaning for success. The plantations are sterile, the old homes are rest houses for weary industrialists; only the low-country and the negro, upon which its culture was built, remain almost unchanged. And of the negro the purest expression, the essential poetry, is to be found in his spiritual songs.

This book was evidently first planned as a collection of low-country "spirituals" lovingly gathered by descendants of the plantation people, who heard them in childhood and now have refined them from music-hall corruption and given them as the best examples of the folklore in which (as Mr. Gordon says) America is unbelievably rich. "The Society for the Preservation of Spirituals" was formed for this purpose. Their chorus has sung now, and "patted," and "shouted" before many audiences who have sometimes been taught the inimitable qualities of true folk poetry, and have sometimes wondered why the tunes were less easy to remember than the black-face melodies they heard over the radio. And this is their book. But the spell of the low-country was too strong upon them. They could not be content with spirituals and how to sing them, for the spiritual was the dark poetry of a land and a culture of which it was an emanation, meaningless without them. The book grew backward. It acquired the admirable explanation of true spirituals by Mr. Gordon with its analysis of their extraordinary rhythms. It enriched itself with the descriptive poetry of Beatrice Ravenel and Josephine Pinckney. It added, by way of introduction, the admirable study of the low-country negro by Du Bose Heyward, one of the best essays on the negro in his relations to the white in the time of slavery that I have read. It was prefaced by an excellent summary of the picturesque and significant history of Charleston, by T. R. Waring. It had given it for illustration Alice R. Huger Smith's water colors of the low-country, regional pictures that need no captions, and other pictures by the capable Charleston school. And then, enthusiasm outrunning the sense of proportion, other contributors forgot their first purpose and added preliminary chapters of history and description of the low-country which, verbose, a little sentimental, and too highly charged with romance, have too much of that rhetoric which always tempts the celebrants of the old Southern culture to write with more effusion than point. Reading backward, the spiritual, which is the *raison d'être* of this book, begins to seem an excuse to set the white man talking of the glories of the past.

But the bravura and expansiveness of the opening chapters of this book no more than delay the reader's perception of the excellent material it contains. It should be read skippingly with due regard for nuggets of information and passages of good descriptive prose as far as the chapter on Charleston, then read with a care that will be rewarding. Thus the reader will come to the spirituals with the right low-country background, and with the proper attitude toward those strange Gullah songs which, for all their dependence upon hymn tunes and revivalist couplets, are like nothing else in English literature.

I look down duh road, en duh road so lonesome,
Lawd, I got tuh walk down dat lonesome road,
En uh look down duh road, en duh road so lonesome,
Lawd, I got tuh walk down dat lonesome road.

This is neither the book, nor am I the qualified critic, for a discussion of these spirituals as folk poetry. "The Carolina Low-Country" will introduce them in their proper setting to many who make no distinction between black-face mammy songs and the essential poetry of a primitive race, and in spite of its something too much of effusiveness will give a just impression of a unique country, loved and worth loving. But a reviewer must solicit another and simpler volume, devoted more to blacks and less to whites, with more spirituals and less introduction. The makings of a standard book, scholarly and yet not devoid of the charm inseparable from the low-country, are in this volume. I hope that its editing will be the next job of the Society for the Preservation of Spirituals.



EUTAW PLANTATION, ST. JOHN'S, BERKELEY
From a drawing by ALBERT SIMONS *for "Carolina Low Country."*

Students throughout the country will be interested to hear that annual awards of $12,000 are offered at the University of Michigan for creative work in play, fiction, poetry, and essay writing. These prizes are to be given yearly from the income of the estate of the late Avery Hopwood, Michigan alumnus, the author of "Seven Days," "The Best People," "The Alarm Clock," and other plays.

Four major awards of $2,500 each are announced for 1931, while eight minor awards of $250 each are also to be given. When it is recalled that the famous Newdigate Prize at Oxford University, held in the past by so many distinguished British authors, is for only a little over $100, and that the Pulitzer awards are for $1,000 each, some idea of the financial value of the Hopwood Awards is made clear.

Unlike many other similar awards the "Jules and Avery Hopwood Prizes" are very liberal in the type of work which may be submitted, since Mr. Hopwood's wishes were to encourage the new, the unusual and the radical.

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Japan and Manchuria

JAPAN'S SPECIAL POSITION IN MANCHURIA. By C. WALTER YOUNG. Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press. 1931. $3.

THE INTERNATIONAL LEGAL STATUS OF THE KWANTUNG TERRITORY. The same $2.25.

JAPANESE JURISDICTION IN THE SOUTH MANCHURIA RAILWAY AREAS. The same. $3.

JAPAN. An Economic and Financial Appraisal. By HAROLD G. MOULTON with collaboration of JUNICHI KO. Washington, D. C.: Brookings Institute. 1931. $4.

Reviewed by VICTOR A. YAKHONTOFF

THE present strife in Manchuria lends the four volumes under discussion a general interest, even though they are rather technical and are primarily designed for specialists.

The main issue of the present conflict is in the seemingly irreconcilable attitudes of Japan and China. The former claims special interest in Manchuria and desires to strengthen her position there to the extent of complete economic control, and a monopoly in the railroad projects. The latter is determined not to give up Manchuria, claiming with complete justification that it is a part of China, and a part needed by China herself. The conflict is an old one; its origin can even be traced to the time when Japan, awakened by Commodore Perry's visit, started to build a Colonial Empire and therefore embraced a policy of expansion. Through the Sino-Japanese War of 1894-95 and the Russo-Japanese War of 1904-05 Japan acquired a foothold in Manchuria and later annexed Korea. Her next step was made during the World War, when she attempted to settle the entire Manchurian problem in her own way by serving on Peking the since famous "Twenty-one Demands," by which, if legally accepted, China would have become a vassal state of Japan. The result was the so-called "Treaty" and "Notes" of 1915, which were signed by Yuan-Shih-k'ai under duress, but never were ratified by the Chinese Parliament. Hence their validity is questioned and remains at least dubious. Under protest of the Powers Japan decided to yield on certain of her demands, but never withdrew those pertaining to the extension of the lease of Kwantung and the South Manchuria Railroad to ninety-nine years.

In his three volumes Professor C. Walter Young attempts "to measure individual nationalistic claims to rights and privileges in Manchuria against the treaties and international law." His first volume deals with Japan's claims for special position and special rights or sphere of influence, and comes to the conclusion that there is no legal basis for Japan's pretensions. The basis for Japan's initial claims in Manchuria should be sought in the Russian Railway rights there prior to 1904. As a matter of fact all the treaties contracted by Russia and Japan between 1905 and 1925 were invalidated by the agreement concluded by Japan and Soviet Russia in 1925. Only the Portsmouth Treaty was specifically referred to as remaining in force. As for the Protocols of 1905, by which the acceptance of the Portsmouth Treaty by China is claimed to be elaborated, and on which Japan since had based her "rights" in South Manchuria, Dr. Young declares that "nothing tantamount to any commitment on the part of China granting Japan the right to veto railways in Manchuria parallel to South Manchuria Railway" was ever approved by the Chinese. The point is important if only because the Powers, and especially the United States, are also insisting on the right to seek concessions for the construction of new railways in Manchuria.

Japan's claim that her special interests were recognized by the Lansing-Ishii Agreement of 1917 is dismissed by Dr. Young not only on consideration that this Agreement was abrogated in 1923, but also by his interpretation of the meaning of these words as used in negotiations between Viscount Ishii, who "came to the U. S. A. on a war-mission" and Secretary Lansing. This interpretation will hardly be supported by the Japanese, Viscount Ishii not excepted. A much more convincing argument is found by Dr. Young in the general clauses of the Nine Power Treaty, Article III of which "effectively makes impossible any future claim to any form of monopolistic economic privileges in any part of China."

In a very interesting exposé of Japan's "Right to Live Doctrine" and the "Asia Monroe Doctrine," which closes the first volume, Dr. Young expresses doubt of the practicability of the first and justification of the second, claiming that Japan's status in Manchuria cannot be compared with that of the United States in the Western hemisphere in 1823 when the Monroe Doctrine was inaugurated.

In his second volume Dr. Young takes up in great detail the situation in Kwantung. This particular leased territory presents not only one of the exceptional situations of international law "which places emphasis upon the realities out of which international law itself must develop," but also a situation in which the validity of certain claims of Japan is questionable. China officially declared that "the treaties and notes of 1915 exist but should be abrogated." Being inclined, therefore, to grant that Japan is justified in remaining in Kwantung by the existing "Treaty" of 1915, Dr. Young raises the question "as to whether the issue, which may well be regarded as favorable to Japan, if purely juristic factors as to legality of treaties be considered, is, nevertheless, one with reference to which the Chinese Government is without *political means* of solution." Economic non-coöperation, as manifested by boycotts and other means, is a very powerful weapon, feared by the Japanese and "evidently not proscribed by present-day international law."

Dr. Young's third volume deals with the Japanese jurisdiction in the South Manchuria Railway areas, which he properly calls "Imperium in imperio."

Chinese opinion maintains that "this railway should be shorn of its political functions, and reduced to a purely economic enterprise" similar to the Chinese Eastern Railway. The interpretation of Japan's present status seems very intricate. What is the legal meaning of the term "zone" as applied to this railway? What are Japan's rights to levy and collect taxes from Chinese and foreigners in the railway area? What is the status of the so-called railway settlement?

> The Japanese Government have always been careful in official reference to the . . . South Manchuria Railway areas to avoid reference . . . to them as colonies.

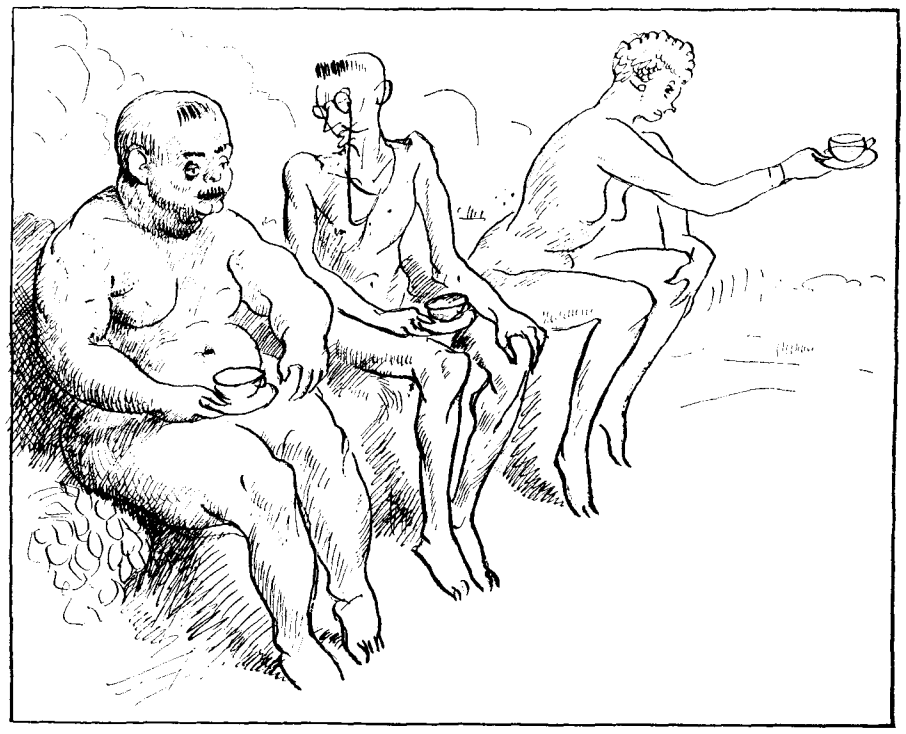
By the Treaty of Portsmouth Russia and Japan engaged to withdraw their railway guards simultaneously. Russia withdrew her troops long ago; Japan, though obligated to follow suit, never did so. It seems logical to conclude that the presence of Japanese soldiers even in the zone of the South Manchuria Railway, to say nothing of their recent encroachment in areas beyond these limits, is a violation of the Treaty. Japan explains the presence of her railway guards, police, and garrison troops by the fact that "the Japanese Government attaches the utmost importance to the maintenance of peace and order in Manchuria and is prepared to do all it can to prevent the occurrence of any such state of affairs as may disturb that peace and order or constitute the probable cause of such a disturbance." In face of such a sweeping declaration, "which asserts a right not based on treaty provisions at all," it is small wonder that Japan acted in the way she did on September 18th, in Mukden and elsewhere.

The other side of the picture is given by the very informative volume of Harold G. Moulton, which is based on material supplied by the Ministry of Finance of Japan, and even written in collaboration with an official of that Ministry, Mr. Junichi Ko. It is an appraisal of the existing economic situation of Japan and is designed to illuminate the fundamental issues with which she is faced. Not until these issues are grasped, may one attempt to understand Japan's conduct in general, and in Manchuria in particular. In his full statistical data and innumerable tables and diagrams, Mr. Moulton supplies an abundance of such necessary material.

When one realizes how deplorably inadequate are the natural endowments of Japan and the degree of her dependence on others' resources for such basic raw materials as iron-ores, coking coal, and oil, one begins to sympathize with Japan in her plight. Naturally, all this does not justify the way by which the aggressive elements of Japan are trying to solve their economic problems in China. The calmer and better informed statesmen at Tokyo know only too well that their country ought to be friendly with the whole of China and therefore cannot afford to abuse her parts.

"Japan's capacity to find employment for her rapidly increasing population," writes Mr. Moulton, "depends in large measure . . . upon the possibility of further industrialization." This means she must look for an adequate and constant supply of raw materials. The mere fact that she is not richly endowed with them cannot be regarded, of course, as an unsurmountable bar to industrialization; at least in time of peace. What may happen in case of war is one of the uncertainties which keeps Japan somewhat nervous about her future. The other and probably more important cause of anxiety is her fear of competition on unequal basis with those other aspirants for exploitation of China, who are far ahead of Japan economically, financially, and technically, and therefore better equipped for the fight.

Victor A. Yakhontoff was Minister of War in the Kerensky Cabinet, and has had long Oriental experience.



NUDISM IN MODERN LIFE
Drawn for the SATURDAY REVIEW *by Guy Pene du Bois*
See page 319

At the Source

LETTERS OF EMILY DICKINSON. New and Enlarged Edition. Edited by MABEL LOOMIS TODD. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1931. $4.

Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

She may become world famous or she may never get out of New England. She is the quintessence of that element we all have who are of Puritan descent *pur sang*. We came to this country to think our own thoughts with nobody to hinder. We conversed with our own souls till we lost the art of communicating with other people. . . . It was *awfully* high but awfully lonesome. . . . If the gift of articulateness was not denied, you had Channing, Emerson, Hawthorne, a stupendous example, and many others. Mostly, it was denied, and became a family fate. This is where Emily Dickinson comes in. She was the articulate inarticulate.

THE new and enlarged edition of "Letters of Emily Dickinson" is important to the point of being invaluable, if only for the new material and the light it sheds on the rebellious mind of the most reticent of poets, "the articulate inarticulate." Taking precedence of every other comment, there is that shrewd and eloquent letter of Samuel G. Ward, from which the opening sentences of this article have been taken. The letter, written in 1894, is quoted in Mrs. Todd's introduction to the second edition, a foreword full of information, where orderly fact is offered instead of a patchwork biography illustrating "the fleeing of the biographied." It is living, not legendary; clear where there has been so much confusion.

Even before the first page of text is encountered, we are aware of authority. Here, serving as a frontispiece, is the first real portrait of Emily Dickinson herself. It differs from the current widely circulated picture in not being a dubious drawing—half "reconstructed," half imagined—but a photograph of a daguerrotype. Here, for the first time, we can see the poet as she actually was. It is not a vaguely smirking doll that looks out at one, but a serious girl in her late 'teens. The dress in itself is significant. It is neither fluffy nor white, but a dark, tight-bodiced, figured stuff; instead of the familiar Pierrotic ruff, a stiff little ribbon is tied about the young neck. The eyes, the brows, the very shape of the head are quite different from the features we have been told were Emily's and which we have vainly tried to identify with her. The hair is not loose and curled, but tight and straight, severely parted in the center, and brushed down over half of the ear. The eyes are dark, deep, and set square; they gaze steadily out of the photograph. The nose inclines to be broad. But it is the mouth which dominates. It is not a pretty mouth. At first glance it seems disproportionately large, disconcerting in its stubborn expression, or, rather, its seeming expressionlessness. And it is here that we have the first visual evidence of a complex character; of a will strong as death and a whimsicality swift as the hummingbird's; a high seriousness that, with the lightest twist of the lip, becomes a higher humor; an irreverence masking a deep religiosity—in short, the paradox that was her poetry.

Enough of her poetry is included in this volume to convince the most skeptical. About one hundred and fifty of her uncanny condensations illuminate the prose passages, many of them appearing for the first time since their original publication in Mrs. Todd's two volumes of "Letters" (1894), some of which are not to be found even in the recent "Collected Poems." The prose is scarcely less poetic than the verse. Sentences, stanzas, messages with a gift of flowers, condolence in a quatrain—they are all of a piece. They are not all, it must be confessed, equally memorable. As Emily Dickinson grew older and more alone, the habit of solitude became, for her, a pattern of perfection; her "difference" became accentuated. One suspects she took a certain wry pleasure in being enigmatic, teasing the too-curious with cryptic withdrawals, confusing a staid correspondent with a wild simile, or startling a plodding pursuer with a leap of a

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remote allusion. One suspects, moreover, that she not only indulged herself in the habit but encouraged the trait until her sentences begin to betray a self-consciousness one would like to dismiss but cannot ignore. Yet the retreat into oddity for its own sake is infrequent and the singularities lose their air of wilful obscurity when one understands the backgrounds, the questions, and the situations which occasioned them.

Situations and backgrounds are clarified, if not fully explicated, in this volume. Among the smaller things, we learn definitely that Emily's middle name was not Norcross, as we have been given to believe, but Elizabeth—Emily refers to Norcross as "Vinnie's middle name"—that the romantic legend about Emily and Helen Hunt Jackson agreeing mutually to burn their letters is apocryphal; that, instead of seeking her sister-in-law's judgment "in all literary matters," Emily turned often to others, especially to Colonel Higginson, with the attachment of a Hindu scholar. Much has been made of "the sacred pact with the chosen few that all letters should be burned after her death." Now it appears that quite the contrary is true; that, in preparing the letters for the press, Mrs. Todd was aided by the immediate family, Emily's brother Austin presenting her with bundles of letters, while Lavinia furnished the editor with the names of those who must have received communications from her adored sister. Lavinia, in fact, was in a very fever for publication.

And what, it will be asked, of the much-debated, much-disputed love affair? It must be stated that the disclosures will not put a stop to conjecture. Mrs. Todd, however, comes closer to definiteness than anyone to date. She names names, supplying identification to many hitherto anonymous persons, and Chapter X is devoted to a series of letters to two brothers, James D. and Charles H. Clark. These letters concern the Reverend Doctor Charles Wadsworth of Philadelphia, the man who many believe exerted the most influence on Emily Dickinson's life. The vital parts of these letters have never been printed. They were omitted from the first edition as they seemed too personal for publication. "That the preacher had been particularly dear to Emily was reason enough to conceal his identity from the public," says Mrs. Todd. "Except for what was then printed, I have kept these letters inviolate for thirty-seven years, and should doubtless have continued to do so, had not the sanctities already been invaded to such a degree and with so much injustice to Emily that facts have become less harmful than conjecture."

The facts are the commonly accepted ones. Emily, when she visited Philadelphia, was twenty-three; the Reverend Mr. Wadsworth was over forty, married, and a father. That she was drawn immediately to him, admired, even adored him, is indisputable. But that he was ever her lover in the worldly sense is extremely doubtful. Her references to him are couched in a tone this side of worship, but Emily was always being attracted to men older and (as she thought) wiser than herself. Nor do her fervid phrases prove anything to support the theory of a physical relationship—on the contrary, they tend to disprove it. The phrases are rapt, extreme, ecstatic. But everything was momentous to Emily, and ecstasy was not merely her element but her language. "I have lost, since writing you, another cherished friend . . . and how to repair my shattered ranks is a besetting pain." "Thank you for every word of his pure career—I hope it is nearer than we are aware." Affecting phrases and endearing ones. But do they refer to the passing of the beloved Reverend Mr. Wadsworth? Not at all. The first quotation refers to the decease of a friend, Judge Lord; the second was written upon the death of Charles Clark. At the risk of being redundant, I repeat my surmise that Emily loved several men with a long, spiritual ardency—Wadsworth perhaps most of all. But the earthly lover of tradition lived only in the legend, and the consummation of her passion was not in the flesh but in the poetry.

I pass over the many other arresting features of the revised collection: the restoration of passages previously omitted; the placing of episodes in their proper setting instead of paraphrasing them; the inconspicuous but important footnotes, one of which contains a first-hand description of Emily by her sister; the extraordinarily imaginative and prescient letter written by Emily at nineteen to her uncle Joel Norcross; the new photographs,

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EMILY DICKINSON.

including the remarkable daguerrotype of Austin, looking amazingly like a young Yankee Beethoven; the Appendices in which the student will find matter for a dozen essays.

Tardily but convincingly the material for an authoritative life of America's "poet recluse" begins to accumulate. This volume is a long step forward. But it is only a step. There are unpublished poems not only in private places but in libraries. Unprinted groups of letters are known to exist. The poems are yet to be assembled in one really complete volume and arranged in a logical or chronological sequence. The present volume will help dispel the mists which have accentuated the mystery. Here we no longer wander in a bog of rumor, of exaggerated fantasy, speculative distortions. Here we are at the source.

An Evangelist of Today

SISTER AIMÉE. By NANCY BARR MAVITY. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

AIMÉE KENNEDY SEMPLE McPHERSON has probably added as much to the gayety of nations as any person now living. In her, American evangelism has reached its logical conclusion of sheer emotionalism, devoid of intellectual or moral content. Her followers may sing, "The old-time religion is good enough for me," but, of course, it is not the old-time religion or anything approaching it that they are celebrating. The fires of Hell do not even smoulder in Sister Aimée's discourses, her gestures against the sins of the flesh have been a mere friendly thumbing of the nose, her healings have been hardly taken seriously even by herself; instead, she has offered her followers a mildly orgiastic spectacle in which they could take part more decorously and with less perturbing consequences than in the old camp-meetings. The escaped Middle-Westerners who throng the sunny streets of Los Angeles like pardoned convicts seeking a new life have been led by Sister Aimée to forget the dulness of their inner lives in merrymakings not too offensive to the outward decencies in which they were brought up.

Sister Aimée, herself, however, is no escaped Middle-Westerner but a Canadian who early married a "Holy Ghost" whooper-up and accompanied him to China, where he died, then married a New York grocery clerk and deserted him, then traveled up and down the Atlantic Coast, an evangelist in a Ford—a wandering vagabond, nearer in nature to those early Elizabethan juggle-actors who made their way by their wits and personal agility. It was inevitable that sooner or later she should violate the bourgeois standards of the followers and thereby become the talk of the whole continent.

Miss Mavity has devoted only seventy-four pages to the life of her heroine prior to her sensational disappearance and two hundred and forty pages to the single year during which she enjoyed the lurid spotlight of continuous publicity. For the earlier period the author has been obliged to resort chiefly to Sister Aimée's autobiography, "This Is That" (1923), revamped with the aid of a ghost-writer as "In the Service of the King" (1927), a tale of inner illuminations and miracles as untrustworthy as most productions of its type. For the one eventful year, however, the biography is fully documented by police reports, court records, and personal interviews with those concerned. There can be no longer any question in regard to the facts in the case, though the motivation behind the facts still remains obscure.

On the afternoon of May 18, 1926, Sister Aimée went in swimming at Venice, Cal., and did not return. The obvious inference was that she had been drowned, but the sea was calm, she was known to be a strong swimmer, and there seems to have been a general feeling that Aimée Semple McPherson was more likely to be up to one of her tricks than simply to pass out in such an undistinguished manner. The newspapers kept the story on the front page, the police began a widespread investigation, various ingenious people tried to earn some extra money through "ransoms" for kidnapping. But no real discoveries were made, and on June 20 a "memorial service" was held at Angelus Temple at which $35,000 was contributed. Three days later, Sister Aimée reappeared at half past one in the morning at Agua Prieta, just across the Mexican line from Douglas, Ariz. Although she claimed to have struggled for twelve hours across the desert from the kidnapper's shack in which she had been confined, she was not thirsty, her shoes were unscuffed, her clothes unsoiled, and, when her footprints were tracked, they were found to lead to an automobile only a mile and a half away. The grand jury, called to consider the alleged kidnapping, declined to credit her story. Next came the discovery, proved by abundant witnesses, that she had spent the month of her disappearance at Carmel in the company of Kenneth Ormiston, former radio operator at Angelus Temple. She was tried for perjury, but sufficient outside influence was brought to bear upon the district attorney, the notorious Asa Keyes, so that he dropped the case in the middle. Throughout, her congregation stood by her faithfully, singing their courageous folk-song:

> Identifications may come,
> Identifications may go;
> Goggles may come,
> Goggles may go;
> But are we downhearted?
> No! No! No!

Nevertheless, ever since that time Sister Aimée has sailed down stream. An unedifying quarrel with her mother has deprived her of the aid of "Ma Kennedy's" shrewd financial sense, her loudly advertised summer camp at Lake Tahoe proved a fiasco, her church has been rent by schisms. Why, at the top of her fortune, did she choose to imperil her career? Was the disappearance a gigantic publicity stunt that failed? Mrs. Mavity, willing to give her heroine at all times the benefit of every doubt, says no, love was the motive and weariness; Sister Aimée genuinely sought to retire from the world and only came back to it because her escape was frustrated. Possibly so. Yet love, world weariness, and Aimée Semple McPherson seem strange comrades.

The original manuscript of the three additional stanzas that Byron wrote to his "Ode to Napoleon" is to be sold in London shortly. The manuscript of the first sixteen stanzas fetched £320 in 1910.

Clean Books

(*Continued from page* 305)

pily balanced between excess and suppression, between proportion and unproportion. It is one of the tests of civilization.

And success in this difficult art, especially in its literary expression, has been made rarer by the rise in this democratic era into social self-consciousness and intellectual power of vast numbers of men and women with more education than manners, more sophistication than philosophy, and a consciousness of sexual relationships far more cultivated and complex than their social background. They have lost the simplicity of Whitman's plain people without acquiring the deference, the social respect, or the self-restraint of an aristocracy. They are eager for experience, but lack the discipline of social self-control which teaches the uses of experience. Their minds are quick; their manners bad.

It is this class that has been so largely reflected in the novels and plays which have been most open to objection on the grounds of their "sexiness." The reader who wishes to see clearly should free his mind from any lingering prejudices in favor of absolute reticence, should realize that a world of books where sex is always subordinated would be as warped as a literature dealing exclusively with sexual abnormality, and then look at current novels and current plays with fresh eyes. It will become apparent, we think, that it is neither frankness nor immorality nor indecency that offends him most often, but plain vulgarity. It is not the revelations of sex experience but the way in which sex experience is revealed by people essentially crude, vulgar, insensitive, that invites his wrath. A major theme of literature, freed from a century of taboos, has been captured by writers who, incapable of peasant bawdiness or witty license, exploit the cheap excitements of an educated, articulate, but vulgar society —Main Street come to Broadway.

H. G. Wells has sold the film rights of his novel, "The Invisible Man," and a talking film version will shortly be made.

A Balanced Ration for a Week's Reading

CROWDED YEARS." By WILLIAM GIBBS MCADOO (*Houghton Mifflin*).

An autobiographical chronicle by President Wilson's son-in-law and Secretary of the Treasury containing much material bearing on the war years.

MAID-IN-WAITING. By JOHN GALSWORTHY (*Scribners*).

A new family saga.

THE SONNETS OF PETRARCH. Translated by JOSEPH AUSLANDER (*Longmans, Green*).

A distinguished translation of some of the greatest love poems of literature.

The Saturday Review of Literature

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Pastoral Truth

A BURIED TREASURE. By ELIZABETH MADOX ROBERTS. New York: The Viking Press. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

THIS is one of the slightest of Miss Roberts's books. Miss Roberts is one of our finest artists, and the slightness, like everything in her work, is the result of design and aimed at a desired effect; but one is inclined to think that that effect was better suited to the form of the long short-story in which it first appeared, in *Harper's Magazine*, than to the full novel-length to which it has now been expanded. Nevertheless, though it may be a little tenuous, it is delicate, subtle, and charming.

The story is laid in a little farming community near Harrodsburg, Kentucky, at the present time. At the beginning of the book, a man and his wife find a buried kettle (presumably hidden at the time of the Civil War) containing a fortune in money—nearly two thousand dollars—and two pearls as well. This leads to complications, but to surprisingly few. Its most important result is the marriage of two young people who have been kept apart by the girl's father, which is brought about by a delightful and ingenious device of the author's; but this is its only conclusive consequence. The money is almost stolen, and almost lost; the marriage almost turns out to be void, and the father almost makes trouble; but none of these things happen, and there is no real danger. There is a sort of sub-plot, in which there is that same muting of the strings; the community is observed from the outside by a boy from a distance who has come to look up the names on the graves of his forefathers. At one point, from his resemblance to his grandfather and his talk about the dead, the farmer's wife takes him for a ghost, but there is no violent fright or astonishment even here.

The whole book is set deliberately at one remove from actuality. It is not on that account unreal; but to appreciate its kind of reality we must understand what Aristotle meant by saying that poetry is more real than history, because history shows only what did happen, and poetry what ought to happen. The Iliad is real, because the heroic side of life is real; but it is not actual. "Pickwick" is real, because the comic side of life is real; but it is not actual. We fully expect to meet their characters in heaven, but never on earth. It is in this manner that Miss Roberts is expressing the truth of the pastoral. She shows a community of farmers who are sensible and kindly, and, above all, who are rooted in the earth, the earth from which their food comes, which comes from the bodies of their fathers. The depth of the roots of man, which it is so hard to remember in the city, is constantly present in the minds of the actors, as when the boy who has come to search the graveyard walks through a colony of ants:

> He turned neither to the right to save nor to the left to destroy, but went forward over them as a mindless fate that followed the bent of the field. Leaning forward to see what happened, he set a measured stride upon the ants, neither longer nor shorter than was his habit, and he traced their fate back to the nature of his habitual stride, which was such as it was because he had the bones of the Shepherds under his muscles, they being of such and such a length. "Thus do the bones of the Shepherds become, for a little while, the destiny of the ants," he said, walkingly evenly forward, neither pity nor wrath in his mind.

And since the lay of the land is good and their forebears were wholesome, the farmers are happy. They can find gold and use it sensibly, a little at a time; they can find pearls and keep them for sheer delight, with no thought of spending them, and be the happier for their treasure.

It is such a pastoral place as poets have always thought of, and never hoped to find. "*O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona norint, agricolas!*" Miss Roberts would hardly say that there was such a village near Harrodsburg; although the country people have radios in her book, they are not intended to be actual. They are merely a fine expression of the pastoral truth, which, like the heroic truth and the comic truth, is one of the reasons for poetry.

ELIZABETH MADOX ROBERTS

Aftermath of Life

UNFINISHED BUSINESS. By JOHN ERSKINE. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM

ROBERT BROWNING condemned a laggard lover to a bronze eternity, staring across the square at the sculptured youth of his reluctant lady. John Erskine permits a dilatory hero a return to earth to put in order his "unfinished business."

Not that this aftermath of life is given or received as a boon. It is a stint to be completed for better or for worse.

Mr. Erskine makes an engaging, if not wholly new, idea the basis of his novel. A character in the book says, "Have you ever noticed that wickedness and goodness, magnificently completed, tend to approach each other, as parallel lines are said to do? The splendid sinners are always splendid, and the mediocre saints remain mediocre, and nobody ever has a good word to say for maggot souls like mine, crawling from safety to safety." Whatever one thinks of this as an attitude towards life, it is likely to provide good material for the few hours of a novel's length.

"Unfinished Business" opens with an automobile accident. One of the four men in the car is found to be dead. The talk across his body builds up his character. Chapter Two presents this man before the Golden Gate, trembling for admission. The scene is delightful. The white-bearded figure stationed by the Gate is patently bored by the repentant sinner. He begs that there shall be no intimate confessions. The supplicant is decidedly put out. He had always felt vaguely that at such a moment one's virtues and vices would be catalogued and weighed, and a sentence fixed. But no, the figure says he is free to go in or stay out, but if he goes in now, with the intentions of his life, both good and bad, so little through, he will find it torment indeed. The man is pained and shocked by so *laissez faire* an attitude in regard to evil and entrance through the Gate, and he decides hastily to return to earth on unfinished business.

The two major incompletenesses of the man's life are the seduction of a woman with whom he had thought himself in love, and a scheme for cheating a friend in business. When he, Richard Ormer, comes out from under the anesthetic at the hospital, he is convinced that he actually did die and go to heaven and come back. He sets out on plans to finish off his early evil intentions. From this point the novel proceeds in the conventional manner, with all of Ormer's friends considering him a little queer since the accident and Ormer himself dedicated to the task he had decided upon in heaven.

He finds the evil path no easy one. The friend shows a remarkable agility in remaining uncheated, the lady in remaining unseduced. Frustrated in each of his particular attempts at finishing business, Ormer decides upon one general, he would call it "splendid," gesture, and so comes once more before the white-robed figure at the Gate.

> "Ah," said the Figure—"again?"
> "Yes, and I'm going in."
> The Figure warmed into a friendly smile. "I gather, then, that you completed the little matter you had in mind?"
> "Not what I intended," said Ormer, "but I did finish one thing!"
> "That," said the Figure, "is more than most!"

This outline of the main theme falsely narrows the book. As a matter of fact, it branches out to include several small plots within plots, for the lady in question has a husband, and his story, linked with that of his editorial secretary, is worked out; the love affair between Ormer's young ward and his hospital nurse is an essential part of the book; and the incidental life of the friend to be cheated is tied up with those of his wife and the nurse. Character remains an important interest in the book, despite the onward push of events. And as to character, the novel is not wholly successful. The two "strong" characters never seem particularly strong save in their own conversations about themselves. The ward's vacillations need more explanation, and several of the minor characters seem gathered up ready made to fit into their places. But the fanatic Ormer, dashing from attempted sin to attempted crime and everywhere meeting bafflement, is excellently worked out. His fixed idea that he has died, that only in completion lies salvation, and his growing nervous condition under the strain of unfulfilment make up an unheroic hero of real substance.

Love of Earth

PENHALLY. By CAROLINE GORDON. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS

THERE is something almost Biblical in the racial and property sense of the Virginia-bred Kentuckians of Caroline Gordon's rich novel of Southern love of the land and Southern love and hatred mixed in the blood. Though "Penhally," the plantation, is the true protagonist of the book, the novel is a genealogy of hardbitten commonsense and quixotic passions in the vivid and diverse Llewellyns from the first bitterness at the breaking of the patriarchial ideal to a final desperation when at last and forever the land is lost to the blood.

The pilgrimage of Llewellyns from worn lands in Virginia to a rich country in old Kentucky was a Southern exodus. In spite of feud they are as sternly bound in a tribal sense as were the quarrelsome children of Israel. Yet so diverse is the tribe and so intermixed are its lines of blood that occasionally the reader is bewildered by the intricate relationships of Llewellyns and Crenfrews and Allards. Against this background of tribe and land, Miss Gordon has built her story firmly out of patterns like the dramas of Isaac and Jacob, and Abel and Cain.

"Penhally" is the history of the passionate determination of old Nicholas Llewellyn and those he chose to follow him to hold the house and acres of Penhally. As eldest son, son of his father's Crenfrew wife, he takes the whole plantation and turns on his brother, born of an Allard, who with his Allard money moves away from the patriarchal roof. Against Nichols's sacrificial grasping, Miss Gordon draws the half brother, Ralph Llewellyn, in sharp contrast. Ralph is Southern in the generous, ostentatious tradition, giving to his own ruin blooded horses to Confederate riders and dying in delirium shouting of Confederate triumph. With his death his daughter marries bitterly into the sterner Llewellyn line.

Because of the land there is this feud between brothers. For the land young John, home from the Civil War, gives up the sad, golden Alice Blair. And finally for the land in the present South there is murder between the grandsons of John, brothers who loved each other. The land is sold, not in carelessness of a tradition but because of the same commonsense that held it. The ultimate tragedy comes, not because of this hardbitten commonsense but because of a love of earth, fine and beautiful but, in a world of material standards and farming impotence, quixotic. Ironically it is to the Blair blood, to which old Nicholas wanted none of his property to go, that Penhally passes for a great price to become a hunt club where foreigners and strangers come to play, aping and only aping a tradition.

Merely in fact is this book a first novel. This reviewer found it the best American treatment he has read in that field of modern fiction associated commonly with Mr. Galsworthy's Forsytes. Miss Gordon not only has a fine sense of character but also a rich pictorial imagination and a true feeling for the dramatic. Across the century of her story she has drawn a colorful gallery of family portraits. The figures are sharp and true, their strength shown, their weaknesses pointed by a penetrating native comedy. All of them are of the soil. Perhaps the best scene in the whole book is that in which old Nicholas, regarding slaves as property and resigned to Yankee plundering, nevertheless kills a Yankee soldier who is tormenting a Negro hag. It is perhaps picayunish to say that Miss Gorden is not quite so successful in writing the modern portions of her story as she is in recreating the past. Old Nicholas dead possesses more reality than his heirs living, but old Nicholas Llewellyn is a supreme charactetr for any book.

A Great Executive

(*Continued from page* 305)

the streets like sleeping tortoises. His story of this adventure into electricity is told graphically, how, without money or financial connections, he electrified the street railroads, and lost all the money he had and could borrow in the venture. His first adventure had indeed brought electric power to Knoxville.

The urge to do big things had only been whetted by his first big disappointment. He returned to the practice of the law, longing for larger fields. New York loomed on his horizon. He says he reached that city with no money except the $10,000 his wife had realized on her house, and opened an office without friends or clients. The small capital trickled away, though he says "I held to the quarters and dimes like a miser." Practice coming slowly, he entered a partnership dealing in securities. He set out "to study financial and corporate structures and corporate law," and, as a help to his stock investment business, he says he "became a walking encyclopædia of railroad statistics," adding: "When I declare that I could give offhand the capitalizations, earnings, and general characteristics of every well-known railroad in the United States, I am not exaggerating in the least." When he became Director General of the Railroads he found that the large and accurate stock of information he had acquired in those prentice days (and which he had kept up) was of enormous value to him. His law practice improved and he was doing well in the law firm of McAdoo & McAdoo, the senior member (no relation) of which had been Assistant Secretary of the Navy in Cleveland's administration.

But Adventure with a big A and the dream of big things lured him from the law. The same impulse that caused him to electrify the street railroads of Knoxville recurred when he observed the slowness of the transportation of millions of travellers into New York City on the ferry boats.

"Why not a tunnel under the river?" this practical dreamer asked himself. The question would not down. He determined to answer it and set himself to a study of how to tunnel under the Hudson River. The story of how he was not discouraged by the rebuffs which his project brought from men of large means indicated that "Never Give Up" might have been on the McAdoo coat of arms if the family ever had one. In spite of drawbacks and discouragement he persevered, secured tentative plans and estimates, and finally interested money and faith, a combination essential to the carrying out of the grand project.

Mr. McAdoo makes an interesting and

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informing story of the work of construction of the tunnel which was opened February 25, 1908. The operation of the road engrossed his time. He made as its motto, "The People Be Pleased," and said his policy was "A square deal for the people and a square deal for the corporation!" He adopted one new policy, which was later to bring McAdoo the enthusiastic approval of the women teachers, who were fighting for equal pay with men for the same character of work. The superintendent of the road suggested the employment of women as ticket sellers, saying: "We used them on the Chicago elevated and have found them, on the whole, more satisfactory than men. Their employment would save money. They work for less." McAdoo approved and said:

"If they are just as good as men, why should we pay them less?"

The most entertaining part of Mr. McAdoo's book begins with his first meeting with Woodrow Wilson and closes with his analysis of Wilson's personality, the working of his mind, and his characteristic traits. Here he treads dangerous ground, for who can enter into the mind of a great man and correctly appraise his thoughts and his actions? But Mr. McAdoo makes clear that neither he nor any other man at any time spoke for Mr. Wilson or had more influence with him than that to which his argument and reason entitled him.

It was McAdoo who tried to persuade Mr. Bryan not to resign as Secretary of State. It was McAdoo who made Wall Street subordinate to the Treasury Department and not the Treasury Department a subsidiary of High Finance. It was McAdoo who prevented distress of cattle raisers and farmers and banks by wise use of treasury funds in 1914. It was McAdoo who had in his hand more different kinds of duties than any man in Washington in the years of 1913-1919. Naturally it was McAdoo who got the blame when the shipping board disagreement impeded its early success, when the War Insurance was slow in functioning, when people complained of high taxes, and many other things. If he had confined his activities to the Treasury Department he would have avoided criticisms and opposition which had much to do with denying him the Democratic nomination for the presidency. But he would not have been McAdoo, whose able and brilliant and wholehearted consecration to public duties insures him a high place among the illustrious men who preceded him in the Treasury, or who, like him, narrowly missed the White House—Webster and Clay and Chase and Blaine, to mention only four.

While he touched administration and war measures at many angles, and it is therefore not easy to differentiate as to the value of his public service, it may be said that the following stand out preëminently among the achievements during his nearly six years in the Wilson Cabinet:

1. Secretary McAdoo early sensed that it would require billions of dollars to arm and equip and transport and care for the millions of men who would respond to the call of the President to bear arms in the World War, and to give financial aid to the free countries with which we would be associated in the great struggle. He, therefore, conceived it was necessary to make the raising of money something in which the whole people would be wholeheartedly enlisted. The commander in chief had called our participation "a war against war" and a war "to make the world safe for democracy." Mr. McAdoo says in his autobiography that it was the business of the Treasury Department to give to those citizens beyond the age of military service, or who were assigned to important duties outside the ranks, an opportunity to be an integral part of the American effort.

> A man who could not serve in the trenches in France might nevertheless serve in the financial trenches at home. He could buy Liberty bonds, and he could induce others to buy them. He could help his country by becoming a walking advertisement of the Federal Treasury, and serve effectively in the campaign to educate people as to the causes and objects of the war.

To this end he created what he named 'a financial front." It called into service civilians who displayed the like qualities of discipline, self-sacrifice, and devotion that characterized those who served in the trenches.

It is difficult for one living in these after-the-war days to have the remotest

FROM "NEWTON D. BAKER: AMERICA AT WAR," BY FREDERICK PALMER. COURTESY DODD, MEAD & CO.

conception of the patriotic fervor invoked by the Liberty campaign waged by Mr. McAdoo. He sought and obtained the cordial coöperation and helpful efforts of the bankers in every town and city; he organized the crusading Four Minute men, whose stirring appeals created a nation of men and women who counted all they had as valuable only to be placed upon the altars of their country; he brought into being a Woman's Liberty Loan Committee, which organized the womanhood of the country into a battalion to secure the sinews of war; he called upon the press and publishers, and they convertetd their papers into organs for creating the public opinion that insured the generous purchase of the bonds; and every billboard from coast to coast was plastered with artistic creations containing patriotic slogans that made money-raising an incentive to recruiting and to ardor for the American cause. The head and front of all this crusade was Mr. McAdoo. He travelled from coast to coast, speaking with an eloquence born of his own zeal and the consciousness that his own sons and the sons of millions of his countrymen were offering their lives in war service, as he asked civilians to offer their dollars in a common cause.

2. The creation of the Federal Reserve system was the most important permanent fiscal achievement of the Wilson administration. Mr. McAdoo devotes two interesting chapters to the inception, enactment, and carrying out of that law. Credit for it has been assigned to several persons. After going fully into its history and into particulars, Mr. McAdoo says: "I have no hesitation in asserting that the Federal Reserve act is a composite creation," the chief credit for the idea and leadership in securing the legislation going to President Wilson. One of the most interesting chapters is his recital of the hard sledding it had in enactment.

3. The Soldiers and Sailors Insurance, which had for its object aid for wives and children of men under arms and insurance that would come to them in case of death or wounding. Here again Mr. McAdoo was plowing new ground, evidencing his creed that new conditions demanded new measures. The abuses of the pension system were to be avoided and better protection guaranteed by the government insurance under the McAdoo plan. To show the success of this better plan, which had behind it the momentum of Mr. McAdoo's initiative and driving force, on October 31, 1918, the soldiers and sailors carried insurance in excess of $35,000,000,000. This exceeded by five billion dollars all the insurance carried by all the insurance companies in the United States.

4. The creation of an American Merchant Marine. In his book Mr. McAdoo points out that the breaking out of the World War in 1914 caused a crisis in shipping. Of the forty-five millions of steam tonnage in the world, approximately one-half was under the British flag. This country had about one million tons, or not much more than two percent of the world's shipping. McAdoo was among the first to see that something should be done to ameliorate that condition. President Wilson had earlier declared that American commerce needed to be carried in American bottoms. For McAdoo to think a thing should be done was to take action to bring it about. He conceived the idea of a shipping corporation that would be government-owned and conducted as any other corporation is conducted, like the Panama steamship line, for example. He made a tentative draft of a bill, called others in council, and submitted the general plan to President Wilson, who asked him:

"We'll have to fight for it, won't we?"

"We certainly shall," said McAdoo.

"Well, then, let's fight," said Wilson.

It was a long and hard battle, as they foresaw. The bill passed the House by a large majority, but its opponents organized a filibuster and prevented a vote before the adjournment of that Congress. At the next session, with some changes, the bill passed both houses. It was under this measure that many ships were built at Hog Island and elsewhere which were of great value, but the filibuster delayed construction eighteen months, a serious loss when war was declared. Mr. McAdoo says:

> In my opinion the filibuster cost the American people at least a billion dollars. When the bill was first introduced, ships might have been bought, or constructed, at a cost of about forty dollars a ton. But when the measure was eventually enacted they were selling at prices that ranged from one hundred and fifty to three hundred dollars a ton.

5. The government administration of the railroads. Around the close of 1917 the service of many railroads, especially those in the North and East, was actually on the verge of collapse. Before the railroads were taken over, an attempt was made to improve the chaotic confusion by a Director of Priority. It failed to bring relief, and in the fall of 1917 the President was more disturbed over the condition of the railroads than he was over any other problem of the administration. He reached the conclusion to take over the railroads as a war necessity. Mr. McAdoo advised that course as the only way of securing quick transportation for material and food for the Army and the Navy and the allied forces. This was not done until the railroad management had broken down. After deciding on placing the railroads under government management, the question came up as to who would direct their operation. Several men were considered, and one day Wilson turned to McAdoo and said: "Mac, I wonder if you would do it." Before McAdoo could speak, the President continued, "I know you are already overburdened with the Treasury, and I hesitate to suggest that you assume further responsibilities. But you have a wonderful capacity for organization, for getting the right ones around you, and doing things. That is why I would like to have you direct the railroads."

McAdoo thought he could do the job, of course. He was a glutton for work, and the giant task appealed to his love of power and responsibility. He believed he could do the job. In his book he goes at length into telling in detail the story, giving statistics of operation to answer the many and the continuous criticisms of his administration. He points out that during government control $774,180,000 was spent for additions and betterments, not including new cars and locomotives. After his resignation railroads filed claims for many millions against the Government. Mr. McAdoo points out that the Pennsylvania alone asked for $187,117,000, claiming that McAdoo's administration "disorganized it." McAdoo says, "if the business of the roads was 'disorganized,' I venture to assert that it was the most profitable disorganization in the history of railroading."

If there was criticism of McAdoo's management of the railroads along other lines, it culminated in the attacks still prevalent that he gave excessive increase in the wages paid to railroad workers. He goes extensively into this matter, pointing out that he appointed a Railroad Wage Commission, headed by Secretary Franklin K. Lane, to investigate the subject of railroad wages and other industries in relation to the cost of living. The Commission reported that the impression that railroad employees were among the most highly paid workers was not well founded, and in fact fifty-one percent of all employees received $75 a month or less. The increase in wages was that all employees receiving under $46 a month received a flat increase of $20 a month. From there on, up to wages or salary of $250 a month, the increases were in gradually diminishing percentages. The total increase in wages made later in 1918 was $875,000,000 more than in 1917. Answering the persistent flood of criticism on this score

Mr. McAdoo goes into greater length in the treatment of his administration of the railroads than in any other part of his book. Naturally, for there, in a sense, he has been put on the defensive. Taking over the railroads was resented at the time, and since they were returned to their owners, some of the managers have given the McAdoo management as an alibi for their every mistake or failure, emphasizing that if McAdoo had not "played politics" with railroad wages, the financial status of the railroads would have been better. The truth is that, as to most of the railroads, government management was a godsend. During those months hundreds of millions were put in permanent improvements and betterment at the cost of the taxpayers. The McAdoo wage scale, worked out by the Lane Commission, was a war-time scale when everything a wage earner bought increased at a higher percentage than the increase in wages. If he had chosen to do so, Mr. McAdoo could have scored a point by saying that the peak war wage he paid to railroad employees was lower than the rate paid at Army and Navy arsenals and plants and privately owned plants which were fashioning war materials. It was war necessity that brought the railroads under government operation, and it was war conditions that fixed wages.

The best thing about the book is its naturalness. There is no stilt from start to finish. Every page reflects the vividness of an experience of a man who loved life, loved struggle, and loved to help make the wheels go round. McAdoo tells of his part in such a way as to make you feel he had a bully time, and he makes you see the happy boy selling papers and the energetic man running the Treasury and every other department within reach. Other members of the Cabinet, upon leaving Washington, would say to their secretaries, "See that my department is nailed down while I am gone with a secret service man at the door. Otherwise that fellow McAdoo, who knows no limits to his greed for work and power, is apt to come in and annex my job to the Treasury Department."

Mr. McAdoo wisely closes his memoirs with his retirement from office January 1, 1919. In regretfully accepting his resignation, President Wilson said: "I shall not allow our intimate personal relation to deprive me of the pleasure of saying that in my judgment the country has never had an abler, a more resourceful and yet prudent, a more uniformly efficient Secretary of the Treasury; and I say this remembering all the able, devoted, and distinguished men who have preceded you." That was not father-in-law commendation. It was the judicial appraisal by a great man who had seen the qualities displayed by McAdoo long before any family connection existed. When the passions of the period have passed, the judgment of Woodrow Wilson will be the verdict of history.

Josephus Daniels, editor of the Raleigh, N. C., News and Observer, was Secretary of the Navy in President Wilson's Cabinet from 1913-1921, in a position to know at first hand the problems which confronted Mr. McAdoo and the influences which impeded and shaped the policies of the Secretary of the Treasury.

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The BOWLING GREEN

Alice and the Aquitania

SHIPPING business is bad; it is grievous to see so many good vessels laid up in the Erie Basin and in the alcoves of the Gowanus Canal. But *Alice M. Moran,* "of 29 net tons measurement," says her certificate, still puts in a lively twelve-hour day.

We were talking to Buck McNeil at the Battery Pier. If you have ever fallen—or jumped—overboard from the Battery seawall, you know Buck. He is the fellow who pulled you out. In his 26 years as boatman at that pier he has rescued 290 people. At least he has been credited with 290; the number is really more than that, for Buck has a habit of walking away when he has got the pessimist ashore. He keeps in his pocket the certificate of the U. S. Life Saving Medal of Honor, "for acts of Unusual Heroism," and on his watch-chain is the gold medal of the Dock Department, given him by Mayor Hylan. But in spite of hard times, people don't seem to go off the deep end so much nowadays. Buck hasn't had to go into the harbor for anyone in the last two years. He's just as pleased, for he says there are occasional twinges of rheumatism. We wanted to ask Buck whether the Carnegie Medal committee knew about all this, but just then *Alice M. Moran* came steaming across from Jersey City with a bone in her teeth. This was the Club's first chance in many years to go tugboating, and we hastened aboard.

We are not the first to raise a small chantey of praise in honor of *Alice*, for her skipper, Anton Huseby, proudly showed us an admirable article written about her by Roy Crandall in *Gas Logic* of last September. No one could improve on Mr. Crandall's excellent story, which Captain Huseby keeps in the pilot house, and which includes also a lifelike photograph of *Alice's* snug galley with the skipper, and Mr. Banks, the mate, and Mr. Anderson, the chief, and I think also Selverson, the rope-artist on deck, sitting down to chow, with Bill Paton, the Scotch cook, in the background. The deck-hand is the lad who can toss a four-inch hawser so that it loops itself right round the big iron cleat when *Alice* comes alongside a pier. And Bill Paton is still a leal Scot though he admits it's a long time since he tasted haggis. We apologize to Bill for having thought he said he came from Canarsie. It wasn't Canarsie but Carnoustie, which is near Dundee. This record of the Three Hours for Lunch Club's visit doesn't attempt to compete with Mr. Crandall's narrative. But all days on a tugboat are different, and this one happened to be our own.

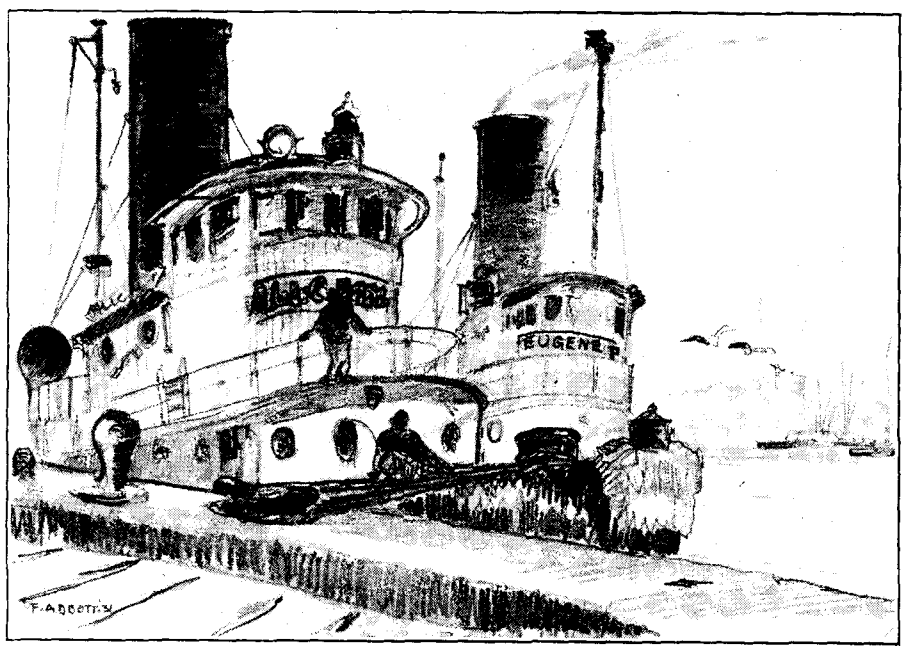
We were remembering that it was just 45 years ago this month that the Lords of Committee of Privy Council for Trade granted to a certain Conrad Korzeniowski his "Certificate of Competency as Master." For that reason I was the more interested in Captain Huseby's own license. It reads that he "can safely be entrusted with the duties and responsibilities of master of freight and towing steam vessels of any gross tons upon the waters of bays, sounds and rivers and to Dumping Grounds off Scotland Light, and Pilot of any Steamer of any tonnage upon New York Bay and Harbor to Yonkers, Staten Island Sound, South Amboy, Newark Bay and tributaries of the East River to Stepping Stones." The commander of a tug is a more important navigator than a lubber perhaps realizes. He is a seaman to his finger-tips, and performs dexterities of manoeuvre that astound any lover of craft. And when he takes a steamship in or out of dock he climbs to the big fellow's bridge and takes charge up there. Even if she's as big as the *Aquitania,* it's the tugboat captain who is up aloft giving the word to his leash of soft-nosed whelps, nuzzling like beagles under her tall side.

Alice had already done a good five hours' work when we boarded her. She left her berth in Brooklyn at 6 A. M. First she went to pier 57 North River and brought the *Jacques Cartier* to Pier 3, Army Base. Then she docked the steamer *Tergestea,* and the transport *St. Mihiel* just in from Honolulu. Then she took the barge *Dwyer* 17 across to Pier 7, Central Railroad of New Jersey. It was there, I suppose, that she got the surprising news from her home office that four members of the Club had received permission to come aboard. In older days the owners of tugboat fleets sometimes signalled their captains by intricate codes of waving from the office windows in Battery Place. Perhaps there still is an emergency signal that means Visitors for Lunch.

At Erie Basin and along the Gowanus Inlet one observes the curious transition in the naming of ships. There we saw old-timers like the *Buccaneer,* romantic names like *Silver Sandal, Western Ocean, Munamar,* alongside the *Commercial Guide,* the *Bird City,* the *Commercial Trader,* the *Cities Service Empire.* The *Eastern Temple* is a sulphur trader from Louisiana. The *Gibraltar* of Glasgow, a sturdy British tramp with salmon and black funnel, showed an active riffle of steam from her escape. The *West Isleta* was canted far over to starboard so we supposed she was loading. Among many idle bottoms it was encouraging to see these signs of activity. The *Cities Service Empire* was evidently very much on the job, but some of her neighbors lay rusting and forlorn. What a setting for a mystery story, one of these grim idle freighters.

We lay off Owl's Head, an old mansion on the hill at Bay Ridge, waiting for the *Alaskan.* Two old wooden hulks are on the beach there, surely a disgrace to the pride of New York Harbor. They have been there many years, and boatmen are sensitive about these things. Why doesn't the Port Authority destroy them?

In the sunny noon, which seemed more like April than November, we tarried for our client. The great heights of Manhattan



BROTHER AND SISTER.
DRAWN BY FRANKLIN ABBOTT.

We were hardly in the roomy pilot house before sturdy *Alice* was again about her affairs. The first thing one noticed was that tugboats, by old tradition, steer backward: unlike social craft the wheel preserves the old theory of the tiller. When the wheel is turned to starboard, the tugboat turns to port. So the ordinary merchant seaman or yachtsman is a dangerous fellow at a tugboat helm until he has learned this difference by instinct.

We went down past Governor's Island, which seemed empty and peaceful. A solitary officer was riding on a horse beside the big polo field. Captain Huseby recalled with some amusement a thing that happened (but not to his own clients), a few years ago. A big cattle-barge for the Union Stock Yards was rounding the Battery when someone hit her amidships, "right in the belly." She began to founder and the nearest safety was the army pier at Governor's Island. She was got alongside just in time and drove off several hundred terrified steers and sheep who fled in panic among barracks and parade grounds, putting major generals and polo players to flight. That day Governor's Island's dignity was badly shaken. It must have looked like a Wild West show. We had always wondered at the origin of the name Buttermilk Channel for the strait between Governor's Island and Brooklyn. Did it imply that mariners of softer temper kept in that sheltered reach while men of strong gizzard plowed up the main slot? No; Captain Huseby thinks it was named when the Brooklyn shore was all farmland and there was a rustic refreshment stand for thirsty boatmen near where the Hamilton Avenue ferry is now.

showed faintly through soft haze. Along that Brooklyn shore one is aware of the enormous auxiliaries of power and service that lie behind the tall frontages of the office world. The Bush piers, the Edison plant, the Long Island Railroad freight terminal, give one plenty to think about. The incredibly vast warehouses of the Army Base add a vibration of anxiety. Then the *Alaskan* of the American-Hawaiian Line came striding up the Narrows, in light from Boston. We had thought she might be the original *Alaskan,* whom F. R. had met years ago in the Straits of Magellan. But she must be a younger vessel, and her bow showed traces of a previous name, *Wheaton.* It was fine to see *Alice* slide alongside of her, running parallel and at exactly the same speed, and gently edge in with hardly a creak from the log fenders. Bill Banks took the wheel, Captain Huseby ran up the tall green ladder *Alice* carries at her side. With unbelievable address she was swung and pushed to her berth. Her neighbor there was a well-known Bermudian friend, the *Fort St. George.* Not far away were the handsome *Eastern Prince* and *Japanese Prince* with their emblems of the Prince of Wales' three feathers. Just above was the pier of the Brazilian Lloyd, and a very handsome ship the *Niel Maersk* of Svendborg. A few hours round the waterfront make geography very real.

Now it was time for lunch. Tugboat meals are a noble tradition, and Bill Paton, even though four guests had been put upon him unexpectedly, was ready for the test. No one ever tasted better corned beef and cabbage, boiled potatoes, spinach, coffee with condensed milk. The bowl of apples had been polished until they glittered. Bill's doughnuts, little balls of crisp fluff, compare to the average doughnut of commerce as Bacon's essays to a newspaper editorial. When we asked him if he ever gave his crew a Scotch haggis he replied that there was hardly enough room to compound one in that galley, where the stove warms the backs of the eaters as they sit. But I think he could do it if it were laid upon him. His eyes shone as we recalled how Captain Bone has the haggis played in with pipers aboard the *Transylvania,* and the cook is honored for his art with a tumbler of neat Highland elixir. The next time *Transylvania* comes up the harbor I think if Bill Paton happens to see her he will look out from his galley, see her commander high aloft in gold stripes and yellow gloves, and say to himself "Yon's the skipper wha kens aboot a haggis."

What's our next job? we asked, already feeling that for one day *Alice's* affairs were our concern. We were to take out the *Ashburton* of London, said Captain Huseby. We had noticed her at Pier 2, flying her Blue Peter, and her house-flag, with the emblem of a swan. "The Hungry Goose they call it in the Old Country," said Bill Paton.

But the *Ashburton* wasn't quite ready for us yet, so we tied up and lay comfortably in a warm drowse. Grey gulls were squealing, New York shone faintly through a yellow veil of sun. The radio in the pilot house was turned on, and through peaceful siesta some humorist from Newark was singing hunting songs about view hallos and gentry in scarlet "galloping, galloping, galloping." We ourselves felt more like snoring, snoring, snoring. Another member of the Moran family, *Eugene F.,* sidled in and lay alongside us with calm brotherly affection. One member sat on the stringpiece of the pier, sketching the pair. Others walked along beneath *Ashburton's* comely stern, watched the last of her cargo going aboard, learned from her mate that she was bound for Newport News and then Australia. A Diesel barge called *Corning* went buzzing fussily in and out of various piers, carrying only one huge case which looked like a crated automobile. It was like a small dog with a bone he hasn't decided where to bury. *Corning* barked every now and then with a loud and very unshiplike-sounding horn. From *Alice's* pilot house we heard the radio cry "This quaint minuet is redólent with the atmosphere of bygone days."

Then suddenly there was a hail from *Ashburton's* stern. We woke from our drowse on the pierhead. *Alice* and *Eugene F.* sprang to life. One of the Club's own members, master mariner himself, cast off *Ashburton's* stern lines from the big iron cleat. Water boiled under her counter. We took her out and swung her toward open sea, feeling we had done well. But our greatest adventure was still to come.

(To be continued.)

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

England is having an Australian book exhibit. Of it the London *Mercury* says: "Within its set limits the range of the exhibition could not have been wider, the exhibits illustrating not merely the Australian production of *belles-lettres* and works of scholarship, but Australian history, the progress of printing and book-production from the earliest days, and Australiana generally. Some Australian authors have been very popular in this country, but the public has thought of them singly, not as representatives of a steadily growing local literature in a remote Dominion. Set in this exhibition against a background of thousands of other books of all periods, and reflecting every European tendency with an Australian tinge, they are remarkably impressive, considering the youth of the country and the smallness of its population."

Rupert Brooke's personal library, which was purchased last summer by a New York bookshop, has now been sold *en bloc* to the Dartmouth College Library, where the collection will be preserved intact.

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SOME RECENT BIOGRAPHY

An Indomitable Woman

MY FIGHT FOR BIRTH CONTROL. By MARGARET SANGER. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. 1931. $3.

Reviewed by MARY R. BEARD

SOME prominent folk shine as symbols, pure and simple, of their age, so perfectly do they reflect the dominant purposes and opinions of their time. In every way they seem to be faithful representatives of an epoch and a clime. They let sleeping dogs lie. They play safe. They serve their kind automatically. As Wendell Phillips said, in effect, God personifies evils that we may see them clearly and destroy them.

Enter the destroyers, distinctive for their quality of criticism, for their talent of leadership, for their genius in driving slumbering forces into action, for their disdain of "safety, sanity, and conservatism," for their creative enterprise. To this species belongs Margaret Sanger—a maker rather than a mirror of history. In the place of a sense of security and adaptation to environment, she experienced the "marvellous sensation of a period of apparent fanaticism"—fanaticism in behalf of ignorant and demoralized mothers; fanaticism in the face of "ruined health, overworked husbands, broods of sickly, defective, and wayward children growing up on the streets, filling dispensaries and hospitals, filing through the juvenile courts," and passing on to dependent institutions or prison cells; fanaticism for the popular acceptance of "a new instrument for population control." It has been her goal to "direct and educate the public to demand from the medical profession safe, reliable information and to arouse and awaken the same profession to the importance of having such knowledge to give" relative to birth control. No more. No less. But this has taken daring. It has brought her into conflict with Church and State. Charged with obscenity, treated as a criminal, she has had to make gains inch by inch with her program of education for the masses and the classes. Her courage, her steadfastness in the course she marked out for herself, her ability to suffer and to bear, her acumen, her tactics, and her victories have long needed an explanation, so unique are these qualities in a smug and drifting world. Now that explanation comes with convincing vigor in her autobiography, "My Fight for Birth Control."

Fascinating as the personal document remains, her reminiscences also possess rare power as a narrative of contemporary history. They cover the twenty years just behind us and are worth all the best-selling decade books, mauve, purple, or red, put together, for the hue they impart to social emotions, movements, and morality. Even to etiquette. Margaret Sanger's two-decades book is a treatise in sociology which sends its plummet down to the very dregs where life for the vast multitudes of the earth begins, down where the pullulating peoples are launched on their tragic careers. Nor is it a national, racial, class, or local picture here unfolded. Instead we get a condensed, world-wide drama plotted, in the customary way, with wars, famine, migration, disease, appalling infant and mother mortality, infanticide, cheap and injurious abortions, spasmodic charitable relief, governmental fear, and religious indifference or apologetics.

To the problem of unassimilated populations recognized by the ancient Greeks but illuminated by no suggestions beyond child exposure, late marriages, imperialism, or emigration, Margaret Sanger has given the keen edge of a universal discussion. She contributed the name, Birth Control, to the modern idea of spacing children. The electric phrase she dispatched round the globe was generated from an intensely realistic, first-hand knowledge of what it means to be, for instance, the sixth youngster in a family of eleven with the mother dead at the age of forty-eight, of what is revealed to a nurse among the lowly and the lofty, what European preventive practices and social theories exist. Taught by Europe, she in turn taught the Orient. And as far from her native habitat as Japan, she helped to inspire the brave young Baroness Ishimoto to insist that birth control rather than emigration is the solution of the Empire's troubles. This is a defiant political position in Japan, though not a religious one, since there is nothing in the Buddhist philosophy antagonistic to birth control.

In the West, however, propaganda for family limitation has been both defiant political and religious activity. If Anglicans, Jews, Calvinists, Methodists, and Unitarians have been brought to see the light, the Catholics hold taut as irreconcilable enemies of the principle. What price Catholicism? this becomes the major issue Margaret Sanger has raised. The legal divorce between Church and State in the United States does not signify a complete factual separation and it is possible that in this democracy the struggle may be the keenest over the right of a mother to learn how to space her offspring.

The doughty champion of contraception has carried on her work in a setting of war when the slaughter of youth has been generally accepted as the social remedy *par excellence*. With other devices she has been more sympathetic though they have failed to enlist her supreme allegiance: labor organizations trying by collective bargaining to win a decent living for their members; feminism, proud but too "shallow to grapple with so fundamental a need as sex"; free speech, interminable in its reaches and apt to be an end in itself; elaborate ways and means of helping social wreckage. All these striking movements of these times she has weighed in the balance and found wanting, as compared with the speed and efficacy of right measures for birth control. This woman is not only one of the most indomitable figures of the age, but one of the most rational as well.

Mary R. Beard has had long experience in suffrage and labor movements and has written much on the subjects. She is the author, with her husband, of "The Rise of American Civilization," and other books.

According to the very detailed last will of Arthur Schnitzler, his diaries must not be read by anybody, not even by his son Heinrich, who is an actor and stages plays in Berlin. His diaries until 1899 must not be published until twenty years after his death, the others not until forty. The autobiography must not appear for twenty years, and without any alterations or cuts.

Among his papers are some one-act plays, which Schnitzler did not allow to be performed during his lifetime, for personal and artistic reasons,

The History of a Ulan

PORTRAIT OF AN AMERICAN. By ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN. New York: The Macmillan & Co. 1931. $2.

Reviewed by RACHEL FIELD

UNTIL recently the romantic figures of the American scene have been chiefly men and women of the pioneer period, or of the heyday of the whaling and clipper ship era. The Civil War years are beginning to be peopled in fiction and biography with characters of legendary stature, but the last seventy years or so have been left, for the most part, untouched. It is a man of this time and the State of Maine, that Robert P. Tristram Coffin has drawn in his "Portrait of an American." Although he does not write in the first person and call him father, the relationship is evident from the first. It is a son's tribute of admiration and gratitude, but one which seldom becomes too personal or sentimentalized.

This man, Winthrop, is lively and vigorous on every page. He was the sort to have gladdened the heart of Chaucer on a Canterbury Pilgrimage, yet, save for a brief experience as a youth in the Third Maine regiment in the South, his activities lay within the limits of a northern sea-port. He hauled lobsters off difficult ledges; he felled trees to build himself boats and houses; he cleared farm land, spun yarns, sang ballads, and cooked savory fish chowders; he begot and reared sons and daughters; he painted signs, played the guitar, and exchanged views with neighbors and strangers. All this he did with such gusto and geniality that he became, even in his own lifetime, a legend of the place. It is good to find so robust and whole-hearted a New England characterization when for so long it has been the fashion to portray only the more crabbed, ingrowing types so dear to Mary E. Wilkins, E. A. Robinson, and Eugene O'Neill. Here we have a character cut after the pattern of Paul Bunyan—simple, unself-conscious, and objective—one who gloried in outwitting the elements and enduring physical hardship, but who also rejoiced in good food and drink; in poetry, music, and a racy story well told.

His biographer has written with a sincerity which cannot but hold the reader's attention even through the most simple recital of everyday doings. There were times when I felt more rigid cutting would have greatly improved the book. It is difficult to pick and choose significant details when one stands very close to the events and the characters themselves. But for the most part Mr. Coffin has avoided the pitfalls into which he might have been expected to fall. His account of his father's part in the Civil War is particularly direct and moving. It has the same reality in the descriptions of the campaign and battles that are to be found in "The Red Badge of Courage." The speech is highly flavored and salty, and preserves the true turn and twist of phrase of the talk of Maine coast man as I myself have heard it on remote islands and along wharves not often frequented by summer visitors.

Sarah Orne Jewett would, I think, have been one of the first to welcome this book out of her native State, but it lacks the beauty and artistry of "The Country of the Pointed Firs," just as it does the directness and simplicity of President Eliot's account of his island neighbor, "John Gilley." Mr. Coffin has written so true and straightforward a history of one man and his background that there is little need of the changed names by which he calls his characters or of the family photographs which somehow are so much less vivid to the reader than the printed words.

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AMERICAN POETRY

FROM THE BEGINNING TO WHITMAN

A COMPANION ANTHOLOGY TO MODERN AMERICAN POETRY . . . EDITED BY LOUIS UNTERMEYER

"Lo, body and soul—this land,
My own Manhattan with spires, and the sparkling and hurrying tides, and the ships.
The varied and ample land, the South and the North in the light, Ohio's shores and flashing Missouri,
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THE burden of Walt Whitman's song is the climax to Louis Untermeyer's new anthology. For it is a book that presumes to be more than a collection of verse. Sounding inevitably through its pages are the overtones of a vital spirit—new voices becoming articulate in a new land, fusing into a new inspiration and a new literature. AMERICAN POETRY is a presentation of the rich and living backgrounds which fostered that new literature.

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Round About Parnassus

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

IN *"Jane Matthew and Other Poems"* (Brewer, Warren & Putnam), Eda Lou Walton has produced a volume of distinguished verse. She possesses a peculiarly sensitive feeling for language, has an innate sense of rhythm, commands solemn chant and impulsive lyrical flight seemingly with ease. This is the true singing voice. In her two long narratives she displays unusual ability in the dissection of psychoses. She deals with especial and strange instances. Her work is entirely barren of humor. It is intensely grave.

The general impression left with me upon finishing reading this book was as if I had been listening to the figure in Dürer's "Melancolia" suddenly become articulate. Lives tortured by the flesh, lives shadowed by vast mountains, lives running to waste in barren sand and yet enamoured of the high bleak crag and the "desolate land." "With mind from body more than half estranged," as she says in one of her shorter poems, "Written in Sand"; with an artistic detachment and integrity of purpose that one must admire; with a more fiery recognition of a younger, ecstatic world sunk like the sun behind ranges of darkening barren rock —but this last only occasionally; she seems to me to dwell upon the sterility of human love to an almost agonizing extent. She emphasizes its unusual aspects, rooted in strange childhoods apart from the normal (if there be indeed any norm!) life of the world.

But no one can deny the power of her writing nor the fluid impressiveness of her versification. First reading her poems in manuscript I find that I have, for a long time before her book appeared, remembered vividly her description of Margaret dancing at the Indian ceremony in New Mexico, as she relates it in "The Blue Room," nor had I forgotten the figure of Margaret's father, that dark brooding vulture of possessiveness. He somewhat recalls, of course, the figure of Elizabeth Barrett's father as recently presented to us upon the stage, not in the outward circumstances of his life but in essential temperament. The story of Margaret is the story of a daughter left alone to the love of a father, after the death of a mother who was to him as light and joy are to darkness and despair. The possessive love of the father comes so perilously near to incest that the daughter makes her escape—he has, in the meantime, driven away her lover—and can never remake her life again. She dies frustrate. Frustrate also—a frustration of her own strange making—is Jane Matthew, who is haunted and undone by the unfortunate mating of a weakly, religious, and submissive mother to a fiercely lustful father. These two studies, though clothed in the language that is literature, and dealing with highly intellectual people, might almost have grown from the case-histories of Stekel. Because as a child Jane Matthew realized her father's constant mastering of her mother against her will, she subconsciously developed a desire for compensating mastery over the man she loved. She must be independent of marriage. Her previous love experiences before she met Dale ended in final deeply-rooted antagonisms. She is a tortured person, craving the natural life of a woman but obsessed by the fears taught her in childhood by the example of her parents. Dale, in turn, she tortures exquisitely. The pathos is that she gives herself to love for a space and tries to find contentment in it, but the other influences in her nature become too strong for her. Her child is stillborn. Dale naturally falls in love with the young, golden Kathlyn whom Jane had once tended as a mother. Jane has got Kathlyn to come to them, and Jane again triumphs in her very gesture of finally releasing Dale to his new love. She has never allowed him the simple and essentially unimportant marriage rite he desired. Driven in upon herself in adolescence, she has become,

EDA LOU WALTON

against her better impulses, a contorted egotist. Margaret, of "The Blue Room," is a more sympathetic character, though Jane attains a certain grim grandeur. But this brief survey does not take into consideration the subtle analysis Miss Walton has brought to bear upon the character of Jane. One may argue that her character is in some aspects so repellent, and almost ludicrously so, that what is the use of reading about her? But in my own view one cannot quarrel with the choice of an artist's material, only with the use made of it. Jane is, to me, a perfectly possible woman, if not a probable one. Dale is a mere man. The maternal in women adds an element to their love which no man can altogether face with equanimity. A man's love for a woman may be intensely self-sacrificing, but it does not work in the same way. All Jane has to give Dale finally is really this thwarted and wried maternal love. In its shadow he becomes confused and weak. In normal lives, though the maternal element in the love of women operates to an extent that sometimes alarms the more forthright male, it is controlled by a healthy acceptance of life by his mate. The above is, however, only part of what Miss Walton implies. What she mainly dwells on in all of her poems is the essential loneliness of the intellectually awakened feminine spirit. Which is, of course, equally true of men. What she is interested in as a poet is the possession of the soul by a quest above human concerns.

For she who slept with mountains is not one
To find her rest
Breast to a lover's breast.

In the poem entitled "Leda, the Lost," she turns the other side of the shield and shows the tragedy to a woman of possession by a dream:

Dark Leda stripped all naked by one blast,
Whom love would no more nest in than a tree
Uprooted from the earth within a vast
Whirling of blossoms, desired desolately
Only the love from which she was struck free.

Miss Walton's "Modern Love" is a good sequence. But it only serves to reaffirm,

With little love, with less assurance given
We seek each other's arms, and find therein
Some stern renewal; this our little haven
Is but a glimpse; thus strengthened we shall win
Only another darkness circumscribed
By burning isolation.

Such an attitude is understandable in an intellectual woman. It is not the love sought by the average man. Therein resides the whole tragedy of Jane Matthew and Dale. Perhaps I have said enough to indicate the food for thought that is in Miss Walton's volume. As to her technical ability, she can sometimes knit her phrase arrestingly, evince a truly meticulous choice of words; again, at her worst, she weaves rather vain rhetoric. But there is not much of that worst. She has chosen for this book, from many short poems, ones that are certainly interesting. As a minor consideration one regrets a few misprints in the title-poem: "Atlanta," for "Atalanta," "pallet," for "pallette," and Kathlyn's retreating "precipitously" rather than "precipitately."

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The Iowa Writers' Conference

By HARRY HANSEN

MR. Norman Foerster's first Conference on Creative Writing at the University of Iowa took place on October 29, 30, and 31, a week after that brilliant assemblage of Southern writers met at the University of Virginia. By a coincidence men who had played an important part in education in the south dominated the Iowa meeting, thereby removing any possible suspicion that it might be devoted to the exploitation of regionalism. As a matter of fact the Conference had little enough in common with what became known over ten years ago as the Middle Western school, which was made up almost entirely of writers whom Professor Irving Babbitt would classify as adherents of the Rousseau heresy.

Mr. Foerster's views on the needs of the creative artist are well known; as a student under Professor Babbitt he comes to Iowa from Harvard by way of the University of North Carolina. Now director of the School of Letters at Iowa, he may be expected to place a heavier weight for tradition and discipline into the scales than did John T. Frederick, whose Midland permitted the writer a wide latitude. Mr. Foerster is no less hospitable to promise and ambition, but he is much more likely to insist on intensive study of masterpieces and a knowledge of comparative literature; it may be noted that in proposing certain objectives for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in the field of creative writing he puts proficiency in technique first and possession of creative energy second as desirable qualities in a candidate.

The Conference profited by the presence of the Conference of English Teachers, which coöperated with Mr. Foerster's meetings. This crowded the stately rooms of the Old Capitol, a lovely building, which, by the dignified lines of its portico and the formal character of its doors and windows, reminds one how far the Greek revival of one hundred years ago extended its influence. Halls that once resounded with the angry debate of territorial legislators—farmers in hobnailed boots who, no doubt, emphasized their arguments with inkwells and chairs—now echoed with talk of imaginative writing, freedom of expression, tradition and experiment, technique and liberation—phrases always heard at a conference, although not necessarily allied with creative writing.

Whatever Mr. Foerster's leanings, he made no attempt to pack the meeting with sympathizers. His speakers were, for the most part, far from the humanist camp. Dean Addison Hibbard of Northwestern University, once of the South, could no doubt qualify; Professor Edwin Ford Piper of the University of Iowa likewise presented the scholarly ideal, but "Barbed Wire and Wayfarers" often acknowledges no rhythms save those of the wind as it sweeps over fields of grain. Zona Gale, who gave the opening lecture, had been known to approve that spadework in American writing which uncovered the ugliness of life on American soil, even though she now yearned for beauty amid the commonplace. But Floyd Dell and Ruth Suckow were, I am afraid, of another confession, and Gerald W. Johnson, for all his association with the school of journalism at the University of North Carolina, brought into the program the breeziness of the editorial offices of the Baltimore *Sun*. We had Gorham B. Munson for a balance wheel, but he was not anxious to be classified.

The rift between the American author of today and the university was on Mr. Foerster's mind; he deplored it especially when he announced his hopes for a course which should give the creative writer the tools of literature without stifling his initiative. The conventional course in composition, a part of freshman English, was unsuitable. Authors who have never entered the portals of a university now dominate American letters. Mr. Foerster spoke of the lesson of the past—Coleridge, Wordsworth, Byron, Shelley, Landor, Tennyson, Arnold, Morris, Swinburne were university men; in America, Bryant, Cooper, Poe, Hawthorne, Emerson, Thoreau, Longfellow, Lowell, James, and many others received a university education, some of them even taught. To unite writers once more with the university, Mr. Foerster proposed a school of writing which should give writers complete freedom from regimentation, while placing the legacies of the ages at their disposal.

Young writers, he said, should meet where, when, as long, and as often as they wished, carrying on at the same time a course in the history of the fine arts or some creative work, such as freehand drawing. They would learn the best in literature and for cultural purposes study history, philosophy, or religion, read foreign masterpieces. They might later discover themselves better fitted for teaching than writing, but if they wished to continue studying while writing, the university should provide room for them in its graduate school. For the A.M. degree Mr. Foerster proposed a seminar, a sort of literary club presided over by a sympathetic professor, with a general examination on literature at the end of the term. For the Ph.D. degree he also asked an examination on traditional literature, culture, technique, and criticism.

"His dissertation," continued Mr. Foerster, "should be a piece of imaginative writing, a play, or novel, or poem, published under reputable auspices. The only requirements of this culminating piece of imaginative writing are, first, that it illustrates the writer's proficiency in technique, his ability to discover and control a mode of expression suited to what he has to say; and, secondly, that it illustrates the writer's possession of creative energy, the sort of energy that distinguishes the really promising young author, who writes with a certain authority and seems to promise continuous growth. So much we have a right to ask of candidates for our highest degree. But we have no right to go on to prescribe the direction to be taken by the writer's energy, the view of life for which he is seeking to find a fit vehicle, the particular ism to which he consciously or unconsciously adheres. He must be free to find himself, or to hang himself. At most we can demand only a certain unity of vision, a certain inner clearness as to his purpose."

Mr. Foerster added that a school of letters can hardly produce many authors, "but assuredly it can produce better teachers than our young writers sit under today." He said that the plan has already been carried into effect in the University of Iowa.

Irving B. Richman, Iowa historian, spoke on behalf of the subjective interpretation of history; William L. Sowers, assistant professor of English, who has been active in the production of original plays, and Frank Luther Mott, director of the School of Journalism and author of "A History of American Magazines," presided at the sessions. The discussion was enlivened by the vigorous presentation of a psychoanalytical theory of writing by Floyd Dell, who was eagerly listened to. Mr. Dell later elucidated in his lecture the conviction that all writing was the expression of an inner urge which could not be chanelled by education and which lost its validity the moment it was subjected to such programs as were proposed by universities. This heretical pronouncement, delivered with all the intensity of which Mr. Dell was capable, was made without reservations of any kind, the effect of it being to make conferences such as this and even universities completely negligible from the standpoint of creative writing. Although the applause was enthusiastic, Mr. Dell did not divert the main business of the proceeding, which, after all, was a recognition of the need of discipline and study by the artist who wished his growth to be "that of a tree, not a cloud." Mr. Gorham Munson sat unmoved, Mr. Edwin Ford Piper remained smiling, Mr. Foerster was unperturbed. Later someone sought a definition of creative writing and failed to get it, even though Harlan Hatcher, who had done his share of it in "Tunnel Hill," had come from Ohio State University to attend the meeting and was present in the audience. But although this term failed of precise definition, the Conference was definitely successful; it brought together men and women of different views, posed a problem, stimulated wide interest, and turned the thoughts of teachers to the importance of preserving and developing originality amid the routine of education.

Harry Hansen, literary Editor of the New York "World Telegram," was born at Davenport, Iowa, and in attending the Iowa conference was returning to familiar ground.

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Points of View

The Mysterious Madame

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Under the caption of "Biography" there appeared in the columns of your issue of October 24th, a review of "The Mysterious Madame," re-echoing the charges of charlatanism and immorality made by the author, and which have, in the past few months, been hurled at the fair name and moral status of Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, who died in 1891.

May we, therefore, call your attention to the following facts?

"The Mysterious Madame," which purports to be an authentic biography of H. P. Blavatsky, says nothing whatsoever about the philosophy which she taught, and the contents of this book clearly show that the author is not familiar with her works, although their names have been placed in his bibliography. During the twenty years (1871-1891) of her public life, as the chief teacher of Theosophy, she was attacked many times. It is a striking fact that the logic and cogency of her teachings have never been seriously questioned, nay more, there have been hardly any attacks on the ideas and views presented.

The New York *Sun*, at that time the most widely circulated and influential of dailies, after having repeated these charges and after being unable to prove their veracity, became convinced of the great wrong perpetrated through its pages; finally, in an editorial article, in the year 1892, this newspaper made unreserved apology. The entire narrative of the *Sun* case is available in pamphlet form. But now the compiler of "The Mysterious Madame" brings up the same old charges, without any reference to the above recorded facts. What can be, then, the *bona fides* of this author!

Taking merely one of the statements of your reviewer, namely that of "'Isis Unveiled' falling dead from the press," the facts are otherwise. Not only has "Isis Unveiled" been continuously in print ever since its publication in 1877, but the increasing demand for it throughout these years has culminated, as a mark of tribute from loyal students, in a facsimile reproduction of the first edition, the two original volumes now being bound into one.

The same is true of that monumental work, "The Secret Doctrine," first printed in 1888, in two volumes. These also were reprinted as a photographic reproduction, and bound into one volume, in 1925.

Those desiring to ascertain the true facts about Madame Blavatsky and her life's work, can do no better than consult "The History of the Theosophical Movement," published by E. P. Dutton & Company.

As for those who are bent on charging Madame Blavatsky with plagiarism—as well accuse Edison of having stolen "light" from Nature! As she herself points out in her Introductory to "The Secret Doctrine," that faithful transmission of a few of the tenets of the Ageless Wisdom,—"I may repeat what I have stated all along, and which I now clothe in the words of Montaigne:

> I have here made only a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own but the string that ties them.

Her aim was to elevate the race; her method was to deal with the mind of the century as she found it, by trying to lead it on step by step; to seek out and educate a few, who, appreciating the majesty of the Secret Science and devoted to "the great orphan Humanity," could carry on her work with zeal and wisdom.

Furthermore, we may say that the *Aryan Path*, an international magazine of wide interests and influence, published in Bombay, India, with offices in London and New York, has consistently shown its devotion to the philosophy of Theosophy as taught by H. P. Blavatsky, by emphasizing her teachings. This journal is not connected with any Theosophical Society. It is devoted to the consideration of the great ideas found in the principal literatures, philosophies, and religions of the world; of all activities, irrespective of political parties or shibboleths, working for human betterment; of all movements which spiritually advance the thought of the race. This is Theosophy, the truths uttered by the great seers, sages, poets, writers existing in every nation from modern times extending back into the prehistoric past—not the present current misconceptions clustered around the name.

All inquiries regarding the subjects under discussion will be gladly welcomed by the undersigned.

C. E. PORTER
M. S. PAIGE

THE ARYAN PATH,
119 West 57th Street, New York City.

Bermuda

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

An appreciation of Mr. Morley's notes on Bermuda in the *Saturday Review*. Oh land of shining cedars, of snow-white cottages and winding roads, of glowing winter gardens, odorous lily fields, and sky-blue bays—that I knew so well a score of years ago! Long may she preserve her pristine innocence and calm, untroubled by snorting motor cars, seven o'clock commutation trains, and all the hurly-burly and hullabaloo of modern life.

I would not abolish the motor car if I could, or even the talkie house, but it is good to know that there is still a place within two days' journey of our shores where red and yellow gas stations and boulevard signs have never been, where the journey and the blue sky above are still worth more than the destination, where to "loaf and invite your soul" is still benignly possible, and where a hen, or even a man, may cross the road without inviting sudden death.

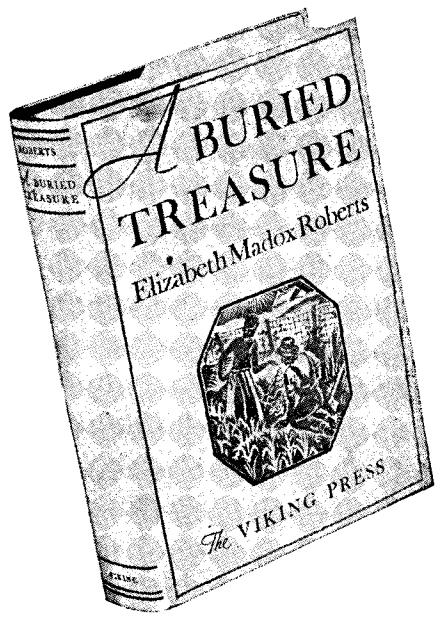
The beauty of the older days and simpler ways is more clearly visible to me than that of our own times, magnificent as these are in some of their achievements. It's my own fault, no doubt, but a sailboat on the sea's rim is more beautiful to me than the speediest of speed launches, and a running horse more thrilling than any high-powered car. (I will own that the airplane is a poem.) You may have seen some of my historical fiction, for instance, "Walter of Tiverton," "The Torchbearers" and two or three others brought out by the Appletons in the past ten years. I have even written a romance of Bermuda in the time when it was inhabited chiefly by bandits and wild hogs; but this has not yet seen the light. It has a virtuous heroine, and probably, in these sophisticated days, well deserves oblivion.

Some of the Bowling Green's enthusiasms wake responsive chords. Old John Donne certainly had things to say, and it is good to see Herman Melville coming into his own after a half century of neglect. By the way, how instructive it would be for some of our academic critics to study the solemn pronouncements of their spiritual predecessors of fifty, a hundred, or two hundred years ago and compare them with the verdict of successive generations of lovers of literature. In 1820 if a congress of L.L.D.'s, critics, and publishers had been asked to name the greatest British novelist and the greatest British poet of their time, nine out of ten would have named Sir Walter Scott and Lord Byron. Some would have mentioned Wordsworth with faint praise and most would have named Shelley only to disparage him. Probably a majority would not have known there were such persons as Jane Austen and John Keats. And now we realize that it is precisely these names, and not those of worthy Sir Walter and the passionate creator of Don Juan, that are the glory of English literature in that great period.

Of course we are much better informed and could never make similar errors. But how the great white swans of the 'nineties have shrunken in size and how diminished the lustre of their plumage!

BERNHARD MARSHALL.
Berkeley, Calif.

These two novels are dominating the literary scene



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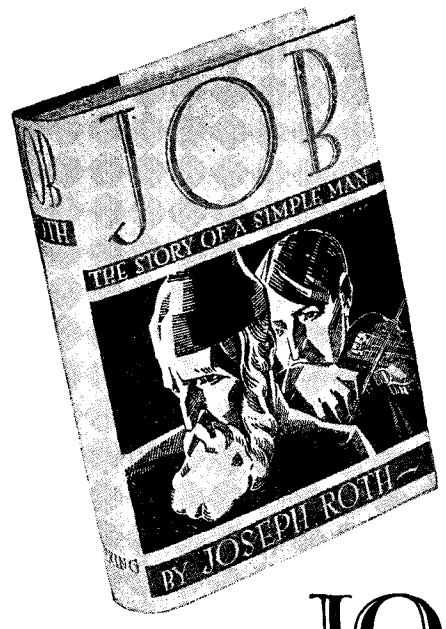

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received.

Biography

A WORLD CAN END. By IRINA SKARIATINA. Cape & Smith. 1931. $3.50.

This is wholly a personal narrative of the Revolution. There is no defensive class ax to grind, no bitter denunciation or hysterical praise. It is the simple tale of a noblewoman, caught and carried along by the Revolution in the fulness of its breathtaking flight. So different from her present life as the wife of an American were those kaleidoscopic years in Russia that the author feels she has lived twice. She writes with a child's intense interest in life. Like the child at a circus, she congratulates herself for being in the midst of it all and regrets the loss of a single glimpse of what takes place.

Irina Skariätina was born to wealth, position, and power. She was educated in the traditions of class and family. To her, people not of the nobility nor of her immediate circle were simply "souls," in the true boyar meaning of the word. Due to her early training the author lacks a social consciousness, the need of which is sadly reflected in the second part of her book, the Diary of the Revolution. Russians starve, freeze, die in agony, but she displays little interest in any except those misfortunes which touch her personal life. Calmly and impartially she discusses her life as a nurse in a Petrograd war hospital. The bloodshed and suffering during the days of terror evoke no sympathy, only interest in the unusual. Perhaps the sense of living history was too strong to revolutionize her emotional being as the world about her was being changed. Only once has the author departed from her impersonal descriptions of the events of the Revolution which did not touch her immediate life, and that incident provides a discordant note to the whole book. A wretched little dog lay in the gutter, so thin that its ribs were clearly marked through its sparse hair. Its anguished eyes gazed wistfully up at her and captured her heart. Quickly she ran and bought an enormous sausage. People gathered about, watching her feed the dog. They stared hungrily at that tempting sausage. Soon they began to murmur, "Idle rich—feeding a dog while human beings starve. She escaped to a friend's house with the dog under one arm and the sausage under the other. Once there, she arrived at the remarkable conclusion that "there is a feeling of hostility among the poor that is ready to crop up at the slightest pretext." This gem of deduction sours the rest of her interesting chronicle.

THE CONSTANCE LETTERS OF CHARLES CHAPIN: No. 69690. Edited by ELEANOR EARLEY AND CONSTANCE. Simon & Schuster. 1931.

Charles Chapin, famous city editor of the *Evening World* and subject of countless legends on Park Row, murdered his wife when ruin faced him and intended to commit suicide but his nerve failed. Asserting at first that he would welcome quick execution, he pleaded guilty to murder in the second degree, and was sent to Sing Sing where he was a noted and favored prisoner. Magazine articles were written about him by some of the brilliant men whom Chapin had harassed and bullied as reporters on the *Evening World*. Chapin at Sing Sing furnished excellent feature article material: he became interested in flowers and performed extraordinary labors in directing the planting about the prison. Scores of firms and persons contributed shrubs, plants, and seed. And Chapin's correspondence with the public outside the walls was voluminous.

The record of Chapin's letters to one correspondent is contained in this volume. A girl, Constance, in a Middle Western city wrote and asked for Chapin's advice in managing a company publication. Generous, warm-hearted, Constance lavished her devotion and a considerable part of a meager salary upon the prisoner. He accepted all; in return he gave little. Constance may have derived much from her misplaced hero-worship and love but it could only have been by reading into these letters far more than actually is in them. They are long and somewhat dull, containing tiresome detail. Chapin's writing fails to reveal that the tragedy of his life yielded any spiritual experience for him. His thoughts touch upon small things, his philosophy is commonplace.

Chapin had a reputation for cruelty. In his dealings with Constance he was cruel. She befriended a young released prisoner in whom Chapin had been interested. He heard of it and "wrote like a madman," a bitter diatribe of a jealous, selfish old man. He refused to see her, wrote not at all for months to the girl who had given so much.

A fair sketch of Chapin's life marred by some inaccuracies (the *Slocum* disaster, for example, was not in the Hudson River) prefaces the volume. The picturesque, hard-driving city editor of the *Evening World* has been a figure to interest many persons, but only the assiduous student of Chapiniana will find anything in this volume to repay study.

FREDERICK THE SECOND. By ERNST KANTOROWICZ. Richard R. Smith. 1931. $7.

This volume of 724 pages tells the life story of the most colorful personality of the Middle Ages, the only potentate of the thirteenth century whose power and sphere of influence straddled the world of Christendom and the world of Islam. Emperor Frederick the Second (1194-1250) was a thoroughly impious, secular-minded person, soberly conscious of the necessity of keeping on terms with the Papacy of his times, a Christian purely as a conformer to tradition and an enforcer of conformity throughout his realms, but keenly cognizant of Moslem superiorities of civilization and always striving, as far as his power reached, to introduce and protect them within his own dominions. His eastward perspectives and his unquenchable thirst for Greek-Arabic letters throw a magic glamour around his personality, chiefly because his Orientalism bordered on outlawry in an age intensely averse to a recognition of common humanities beyond the confines of common faith.

The biography of Mr. Kantorowicz is a faithful recital of the Emperor's deeds and sufferings and an honest introduction to his states of mind, but the entire scheme of his book cannot do justice to so vast a subject as the economic and ideological conflicts between medieval Christendom and Arabic civilizations. In this instance, as in ever so many others, the "Makers of History" pattern is palpably obsolete—the interest in the great Emperor centers not in the "maker," but in himself as made by forces beyond his control.

Education

THE ART OF THE TEACHER. By *P. F. Valentine*. Appleton. $2.

AMERICAN NATIONAL GOVERNMENT. By *Samuel Peter Orth* and *Robert Eugene Cushing*. Crofts. $3.50.

BUILDING PERSONALITY IN CHILDREN. By *Garry Myers*. Greenberg. $2.50.

EDUCATION AS A SOCIAL FORCE. By *M. V. Marshall*. Harvard University Press.

Fiction

SOCIETY. By J. P. McEVOY. Simon & Schuster. 1931. $2.

Dixie Dugan, though not quite herself, is on deck again; this time, as the title indicates, she is playing with Society. Having left the faithful Jimmy Doyle forlorn, she marries Teddy Page, millionaire playboy and full-fledged member of the Four Hundred. Her adventures in society, her travels to the fashionable resorts, and her final disgust with the whole business form the slight thread of narrative. Mr. McEvoy sets this forth in his familiar manner: never a straight story in the first or third person, but instead a chaotic, yet apposite, succession of letters, telegrams, clippings from the daily press and from *Variety*, programs, menus, and so on variously. To old friends, this eccentric style will be tolerable, but to newcomers it may not be wholly persuasive, for in "Society" the McEvoy genius seems to have perceptibly faded.

To those who have followed him since

(*Continued on page* 319)

JOHN GALSWORTHY

in his first new novel in four years writes "another delightful novel of English family life," says Harry Hansen. A book that "makes ordinary . . . fiction seem thin and tepid," declares Howard V. O'Brien in the *Chicago News*.

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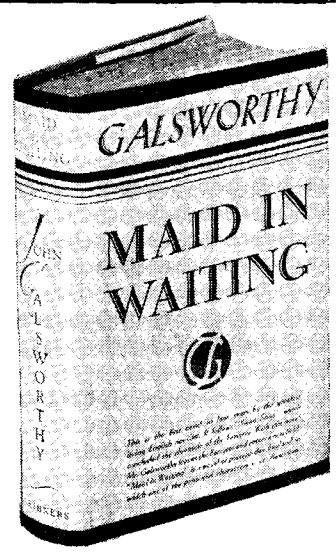

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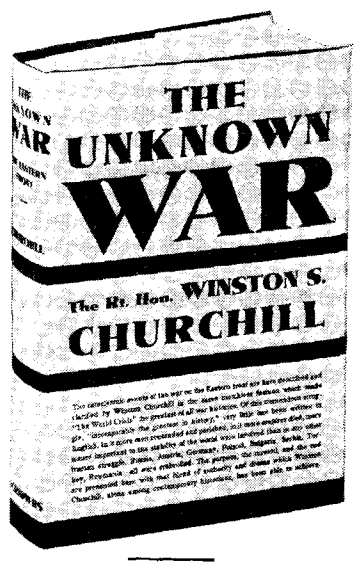

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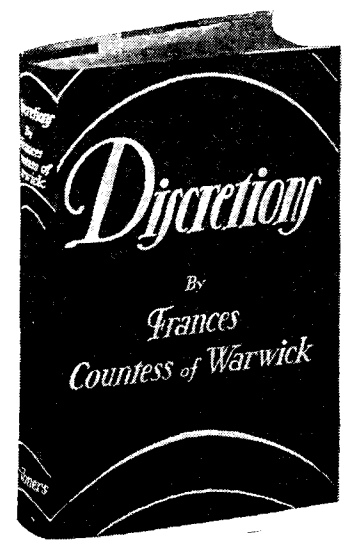

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A London Letter

By MRS. BELLOC LOWNDES

WHEN the pound slipped, it looked for a few days as if the new autumn books, in sympathy with every other kind of business, would be seriously affected. But the slip occurred on a Monday, and I am informed that by the Friday following London booksellers gave even larger orders than usual, though those in the provinces took a few more days to recover from the shock. By now there is a real boom developing in the book trade, and this is even benefitting such highly-priced works as Lord Hervey's Memoirs.

This human document may well appear to those who have had the good fortune to read it as already equal to Pepys, and as to interest, may in time eclipse him. Pope's *Sporus,* the "bug with gilded wings," the "painted child of dirt that stinks and stings," certainly stung his enemies, and threw plenty of dirt at them as well, in this most extraordinary diary. One man and one woman of my acquaintance, at the height of the recent political and monetary crisis, read the Memoirs right through, only stopping to sleep and eat. Nothing I can write could touch Thackeray's description of this book, and yet it is unlikely that he had the opportunity of reading more than the emasculated early Victorian edition: "It was as if Pompeii were opened to us—the last (eighteenth) century dug up, with its temples and its games, its chariots, its public places—lupanaria." And I think no one with any imagination, having read the three volumes, but must echo another sentence of Thackeray: "I am frightened as I look into the past, and fancy I behold that ghastly, beautiful face."

It was bad luck for Margaret Kennedy that her long-awaited study of modern society, "Return I Dare Not," an up-to-date version of that famous old story, "The Way We Live Now"—came out on the day the pound broke. The "Constant Nymph," as she is affectionately called by her friends, is far too great an artist to be photographic in her portraiture, but the fact remains that both the literary world, and that still close borough known as the land of society, are finding much amusement in fitting caps on unwilling heads. Each of the characters reminds any reader who is familiar with certain circles, not so much of one, as of three or four, well-known and distinctive figures. Only with regard to the inimitable Hugo Potts is there no attempt at disguise, but the writer has shown her unconscious sitter in the flat, and not in the round. The figure is a clear-cut as an eighteenth-century silhouette, but no attempt has been made to picture the famous young playwright in his habit as he lives.

A group of noted authors are now finishing books which will be published in 1932. Charles Morgan's new novel, upon which he has been engaged for more than three years, went to Macmillan's in manuscript on September 8th, and will be published in London and New York early next year. It was provisionally called "The Passion and the Life"—a title borrowed from Coleridge:

> *. . . from outward forms to win*
> *The passion and the life, whose fountains are within.*

But the final, and, it seems to me, the better, title is to be "The Fountain." Mr. Morgan's new novel differs in size and scope from "Portrait in a Mirror," called in America "I Hunt First Love," and is, in effect, a philosophical romance, for in it is asked the question: How shall a man, harassed by the pressure of the modern world and by the desires of the flesh, attain to that interior stilness in which he shall be invulnerable?

The scene of "The Fountain" is in Holland during the war—at first in a moated fortress where for a year English officers are imprisoned, and afterwards, when they are given *parole,* in the encircled freedom of Enkendaal Castle. The three principal characters are a British officer, Lewis Alison; Julie, an English girl, and Graf Narwitz, her husband, an officer of the Prussian Guard. The book is a study of the life of passion and its spiritual effluence, and a prelude to that state of inward tranquillity within this world's activities towards which Lewis Alison, through error and discovery, is making his way.

Mrs. Charles Morgan, who, under her maiden name of Hilda Vaughan, has published some remarkable novels dealing with a part of England seldom seen in fiction, that is, Wales, will essay an entirely new departure in her next book. This novel is to bear a title that Hardy might have invented, "The Soldier and the Gentlewoman," and it has been described to me, by a highly intelligent man who has read it, as "short, clear, swift, with not a wasted word." There is a murder, though the story in no sense claims to be a thriller.

Perhaps because there has always been, with regard to literature, violent swings of the pendulum, after a return to what some would call novels of abnormal length, we are now to be offered a series, published by Messrs. Benn, of new novels, no one of which is to exceed forty thousand words. This peculiar length, that of neither a short story, however long, nor of a novel, however short, has attracted many of the great writers of the world, from Defoe onward. Indeed, it would be possible to edit a most interesting series of masterpieces confined to a length of forty thousand words. France alone has produced—I have not my references by me—"La Princesse de Clèves," "Manon Lescaut," certainly one, if not more, story by Balzac and Flaubert, and, to my mind, Zola's masterpiece, "Thérèse Raquin." If the world lives to thank Messrs. Benn for even one masterpiece which would otherwise not have been written, or, if written, have remained unpublished—for up to now most British publishers have had a peculiar dislike and distrust of that special length—they will have deserved well of future generations of readers.

The series, entitled "Leaders of Modern Fiction," will be limited to fifty, and greatly daring, encouraged, no doubt, by the extraordinary success of Benn's Sixpenny Library, the price of each new novel will be Ninepence. The publishers are much gratified at being able to include Mr. Hergesheimer among those writers who have shown themselves sufficiently enterprising to take part in such an experiment. It is apparently hoped that every type of fiction will find a place in the series. Thus Naomi Royde-Smith, whose curious and poignant study of Julie de Lespinasse, entitled "The Double Heart," is an outstanding autumn book, has just finished what she describes as 'a romantic love story" entitled "Incredible Fate," which will be one of the fifty.

A biographical book by a writer who has already done excellent work of the kind will be coming out next spring. This is a "Life of Sarah Jennings, Duchess of Marlborough," by Frank B. Chancellor. Several plays have been written round that extraordinary woman's extraordinary personality. But there has been, as far as I know, no full biography.

There is a storm gathering in intensity round the question of how far a creative artist is justified in going direct for material not only to actual incidents known to him, but to the men and women of his acquaintance. No one who has read "The Canterbury Tales" can doubt that Chaucer was a sinner, if sin it be, in this respect; and all through the nineteenth century, novelists, including Thackeray, Dickens, George Eliot, and Mrs. Gaskell, were accused of, and either praised or blamed for, as the case might be, doing just that same thing.

The autobiographical novel remains always in fashion, partly because it is often the only kind of novel that an accomplished and brilliant writer can write. The true creative gift is curiously rare, and certainly cannot be achieved either by taking pains, or by the old method of praying and fasting. But in modern conditions of publishing, the extraordinary increase in, and demand for, fiction of every kind, has come to mean that an intensive search for "something or someone to write about," as it was put to me the other day by one of the more distinguished of our younger novelists, makes it irresistibly tempting to take not only real life, but real characters as models. Too often the result comes perilously near to caricature, to the anger and surprise of those who regard themselves as the victims, rather than as the sitters, to painters in words.

Of all living Englishwomen, the one who has appeared most often in fiction within three reigns — an extraordinary tribute to her vitality and vivid personality—is the Countess of Oxford (Margot

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Asquith). There was a delightful picture of her as a young woman in "Isabel Carnaby," a witty novel by Ellen Thornycroft Fowler. Then came "Dodo," in which not only the Margot Tennant of that day, but also another figure not less vital, that of the composer, Miss Ethel Smythe, was, some would say, caricatured. At least two incidents in the future Mrs. Asquith's girlhood were used by Mrs. Humphry Ward in "The Marriage of William Ashe." In fact the novelist, in that story, made a skilful amalgam of Lady Caroline Lamb and the then Margot Tennant. There are three other books in which the same personality obviously suggested one of the characters. Apropos of the Countess of Oxford, she is writing some further memories of the great figures who have come across her path.

It is strange that no one until now has thought of writing an account of the various really interesting and distinguished women who have sat in the British Parliament. This work is now being undertaken by Mrs. Stuart Erskine, who is well known as a writer on art, and who has just finished what is claimed to be the first true, impartial life of the ex-King of Spain.

Meanwhile, the most disinguished woman M.P. on the Labor benches, that is anti-"Ramsay Mac," as his friends call him, Mrs. Mary Agnes Hamilton, has written a brilliant thriller, "Murder in the House of Commons." I have not read any such vivid and true picture of "the House" since I last read Anthony Trollope's political novels. Those who wish to know what the life of the British representative of the people is really like, should read this peculiar and original novel. Mrs. Hamilton's first story, "The Last Fortnight," will probably be remembered by those Americans who read it. It was a poignant and grim study of married life.

More and more are publishers trying to think of books dealing with the needs likely to attract the public, which they are willing to commission. In this connection I have just heard that Mr. Philip Allan, one of the most enterprising of the younger publishers over here, has asked six young people to contribute on the subject of what the younger generation thinks of organized religion. Each contributor is asked to indicate (a) whether he or she accepts or not the idea of a purpose in the universe, (b) the Christian claim, (c) believes in the need, and the continued need, of a church or some form of institutional religion. The contributors are to be: Giles Playfair, Christopher Casson (the son of Sybil Thorndike, the actress), Peter Winkworth (Sir Oswald Moseley's Youth Movement leader), Fearnley Whittingstall (a distinguished young barrister), Pamela Frankau, and Susan Lowndes.

Mrs. Belloc Lowndes, herself a writer of fertility and note, is one of the best informed persons in England as to what is going on in the literary world. She is the author of many books, among which the most recent are "The Story of Ivy" and "Cressida."

The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from page* 317)

"Show Girl," Mr. McEvoy has always meant humor and bite. The ridiculous and the sharply ironical were always blended. But here the irony has wilted and the humor become worn. It it were not nearly unbelievable, we should think that "Society" was written for the delectation of those who regard Bailey's Beach as holy ground and who read the society columns in the tabloids. There is the recurrent suspicion that "Society" is aimed at those on the outside, who wonder just what the rotogravure gods and goddesses do in their non-rotogravure hours. In short, the acid McEvoy has softened; or else he is writing here in the hopes of a wider public.

BLACK FORTUNE. By E. K. MEANS. Brentano's. 1931. $2.

This extravagant and unreal story has here and there a thrill of excitement, but that is its only merit. It is announced as a study of the deep South of the bayou country by a veteran and understanding author. The negroes here portrayed may have come from the pages of Eskimo comic journals, if there are any such publications, but they do not come from life. The humor is bookish and artificial. Blunder Black, abandoned as a boy, comes back to his home village years later to plan and execute the theft of $25,000 from a secret hiding place, reached by a secret tunnel, in the home of Colonel Gaitskill. He is pursued by two other negroes who seek the money, and flees to the swamp. It is unnecessary to follow the story through to a finale which involves an unknown father reappearing, the disclosure that the money stolen was Confederate currency, etc. Even the richly colored locale of the bayou country seems like paper scenery in this novel.

THE ROAD TO GRENADA. By *Arthur Strawn*. Brewer, Warren & Putnam. $1.75.

OVERNIGHT. By *Joe Lederer*. Farrar & Rinehart.

THE BIG ROAD. By *Ruth Cross*. Longmans, Green. $2.

CROSS-COUNTRY. By *Solon R. Barber*. The Hague, Holland: Service Press.

THE BEST BRITISH SHORT STORIES, 1931. Edited by *Edward J. O'Brien*. Dodd, Mead. $2.50.

CLASH OF ARMS. Edited by *John Grove*. Dodd, Mead. $2.50.

THE BEST SHORT STORIES OF 1931. Edited by *Edward J. O'Brien*. Dodd, Mead. $2.50.

BOY CRAZY. By *Grace Perkins*. Covici-Friede. $2.

WAR PAINT AND ROUGE. By *Robert W. Chambers*. Appleton. $2.50.

PRINCE JALI. By *L. H. Myers*. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.

CHRIST DOWN EAST. By *R. G. Burnett*. Revell. $1.25.

THE WORLD'S ORPHAN. By *Boris de Tanko*. New York: Elf Publishers. $3.

OPPOSITION. By *Sabina Adler*. Minneapolis: Colwell.

SLEEPING ECHO. By *Catherine M. Verschoyle*. Macmillan. $2.

HERE THEY ARE: Amos 'n' Andy. By *Charles J. Correll* and *Freeman F. Gosden*. Smith. $1.

Foreign

"DEUX ANNÉES À BERLIN." By BARON BEYENS. Paris: Plon. 1931.

Beyens was Belgian ambassador at Berlin. This volume covers 1912-1913. Beyens was apparently strongly German in his standpoint and so assertive that his memoirs deserve notice.

LA FRANCE ET LA POLITIQUE ECONOMIQUE. By *Etienne Clémentel*. Les Presses Universitaires. Yale University Press.

TEXTES FRANÇAIS: Les Mots et les Idés. By *Paul F. Saintonge* and *E. W. Armfield*. Stratford. $1.50.

History

HISTORY OF THE MIDDLE AGES, 1300-1500. By JAMES WESTFALL THOMPSON. Norton. 1931. $5.

This is a one-volume edition condensed from Professor Thompson's standard two-volume work on the Middle Ages.

Miscellaneous

AMERICAN TRAMP AND UNDERWORLD SLANG. By *Godfrey Irwin*. Sears Company. 1931. $2.50.

This is a glossary of slang, with an essay on American slang in its relation to English thieves' slang, and includes some famous tramp songs.

THE DEB'S DICTIONARY. By *Oliver Herford*. Lippincott. 1931. $1.50.

It is difficult to say whether the definitions or the pictures are more amusing in this characteristic Herford volume. Just why it is wished on the deb is not quite clear unless to give an excuse for the number of charming women appearing in pictures. However, it is an education in sophisticated living.

MODERN GLASS. By *Guillaume Janneau*. Rudge. 1931. $12.

A book of illustrations with an informative and scholarly introduction, the pictures themselves extraordinarily beautiful and interesting and covering a range of modern art in glass which will surprise all but those who know how much novel and beautiful work has been done in this field in recent years. The stained glass windows in the modernized style are particularly worthy of note.

NUDISM IN MODERN LIFE. By MAURICE PARMELEE. Knopf. 1931. $3.

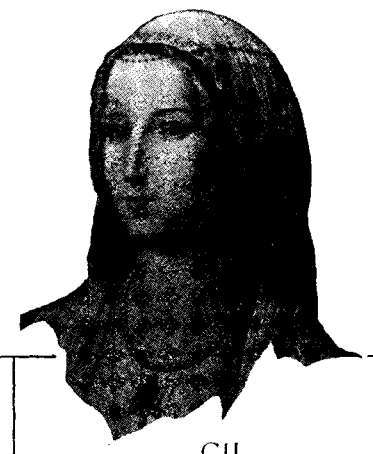
This is the revised edition of a first-hand experience with the gymnosophist cult in Germany which not only describes the characteristic life of a nudist health and recreation community but goes pretty thoroughly into the hygiene and philosophy of the custom. It is the most satisfactory account of this interesting movement which has appeared, and is abundantly illustrated with pictures, some of which are more convincing than others.

READINGS ON THE FAMILY. Edited by *Edgar Schmiedeler*. Century. $2.75.

A TREATISE ON TROUT FOR THE PROGRESSIVE ANGLER. By *Charles Zibeon Southard*. Dutton. $5.

(*Continued on page* 320)

"A thousand years had shown
the lesser part
Of that great beauty
which has left me dazed."



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CII

WHEREIN HE TELLS THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE

S'Amor non è, che dunque è quel ch' io sento?

If this should not be Love, O God, what shakes me?
If love it is, what strange, what rich delight!
If Love be kind, why has it fangs to bite?
If cruel, why so sweet the barb that rakes me?
If Love I crave, why this lament that breaks me?
If not, what tears or sighs can mend my plight?
O Death in Life, dear pain, where lies thy might
If I refuse the doom that overtakes me?
If I consent, without a cause I grieve:
So in a tempest do my fortunes heave,
By winds contrary and by waters tost;
So, in a stupor, like a blind man lost
In mischievous error, lured from doubt to doubt,
June freezes, January thaws me out.

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The New Books
Miscellaneous

(*Continued from preceding page*)

LYRIC RELIGION: The Romance of Immortal Hymns. By AUGUSTINE SMITH. Century. 1931. $4.

"Professor Smith, editor of many hymn books, internationally known director of group singing," has collected in rather informal fashion the history of the best known Christian hymns. He gives the account of the origin of the hymn and an analysis both of the words and of the tune.

MEN OF THE TREES: In the Mahogany Forest of Kenya and Nigeria. By RICHARD ST. BARDE BAKER. With an introduction by LOWELL THOMAS. Dial. 1931. $5.

An interesting travel and descriptive book dealing with the Africans whose civilization and livelihood are based upon the great trees of their jungles. It is a study of folk ways as well as of the economics of forests.

Philosophy

THE CRAVING FOR SUPERIORITY. By RAYMOND DODGE and EUGENE KAHN. Yale University Press. 1931.

There is a current tendency to express the familiar in the newer concepts of psychology. This slight monograph, issuing from the Institute of Human Relations at Yale University, features superiority. The craving for the life abundant, set in a social competitive system, supported by mastery, seasoned by pleasure, exalted by dominance, and cowed by submission, builds the ego and its expanding works, possessions, prestige, symbols, and values. All is vanity in a new sense. Ringing the changes on the theme adds a variation but contributes little more.

BEHIND THE SCENES WITH OURSELVES. By CARL RAMUS, M.D. Century. 1931.

Another doctor looks at humanity through psychological glasses and finds the prospect engaging to his interest even though some men are vile. All the world's a stage, the neurotic world particularly, and the medico-psychologist's business is to deprive the players of their masks. The psychoanalytic looking-glass reflects more amazing and exciting and disconcerting incidents than those which befell Alice; for our wonderland is an underland, where unpleasant traits disport themselves to the misery and irritation of the passing show. Dr. Ramus's kit of tools is less professional than commonsensical; he is chatty, discursive, anecdotal, a bit evangelical, and by the same token wanders far and wide from the set path of his project.

"Popular" may be a phrase to laud or to condemn or damn with faint praise; it is all of these in the present instance. Before all and after all, psychology is a science in intention and in the making. It has been lifted from the quick-lunch and confection clinic, so characteristic of what used to be a pharmacy. Proletariat psychology is readily overdone; and it hardly affords a vitamine diet. The commonsense ingredient is all to the good and offsets the dogmatic extravagance of the Freudian extremists. On the whole, readers of this democratic appeal to self-knowledge will be benefited more than they will be misled. Many would read this who would read nothing more demanding of effort. None the less it is an overdrawn picture of the human psyche, and a type of contribution with enough merits to make one wish that it had avoided abundant demerits.

Poetry

A POETICAL RHAPSODY. Vol. 1. Edited by HYDER EDWARD ROLLINS. Harvard University Press. 1931. $5.

"With the publication of this volume, the modern reader has an opportunity for the first time to see what the original edition of the last of the great Elizabethan poetic miscellanies really was like in its physical appearance as well as in the text." This is a valuable addition to the poetical section of the scholar's library.

Science

THE CONQUEST OF SPACE. By DAVID LASSER. New York: Penguin Press. 1931. $3.

A sensational but informative account of the experiments with rocket transportation which carries its possibilities far into the future and still further into space.

Travel

EASTER ISLAND. By ROBERT J. CASEY. Bobbs-Merrill. 1931. $4.

This book is a mixture of poetry, romance, and objective archæology. Some of the archæological chapters, such as that on the "engineers," are written in a sound and rational spirit and show imaginative insight. There has been too much mystery-mongering about Easter Island and the thesis advanced that the mystery of Easter Island is explicable by ordinary common sense and that there is no reason to doubt that the ancestors of the present degenerate remnant of population were the builders and sculptors of the monuments, is probably sound.

TIDEWATER MARYLAND: Its History, Tradition, Its Romantic Plantation Mansions, Celebrated Personalities Who Give It Glamour. By PAUL WILSTACH. Bobbs-Merrill. 1931. $5.

This excellently illustrated book is an interesting and extensive account of the eastern and western shores of the Chesapeake with a good deal of history, much description of the fine places still remaining, and interesting anecdote. Mr. Wilstach's volume is by no means merely a travel book or a study for antiquarians. It might be called a familiar history of one of the most interesting regions in Colonial America.

OLD BALTIMORE. By ANNIE LEAKIN SIOUSSAT. Macmillan. 1931. $4.

Much of the material which went into the making of Scharf's authoritative history of Baltimore was handed to the historian by the father of the author of this volume. It therefore assumes an honored place as an authentic chronicle of the period between, and including, the year 1729, and a century later, a period almost glamorous in retrospection as far as generous living, leisure, all the texture and color of landed proprietorship are concerned. Historic figures—Washington, Lafayette, Carroll, Bonaparte—pass before us. Camps, taverns, and plantations, slave-dealers, soldiers, barristers, merchants are fast in its pages. A certain revered rector left, as parcel and part of his personal belongings, a number of "negro slaves under twenty-five years of age"; fifty thousand pounds of tobacco in casks; "a collection of Hebrew, Greek, Latin, French, and English books in good condition and newly bound." A celebrated bridegroom wore at his marriage to a lovely Baltimore lady "a purple coat of satin, skirt lined with white satin, reaching to his heels, with knee buckles, and with diamond buckles on his shoes."

The style is ordered, dignified, compact; there are many illustrations, among them reproductions of miniatures of famous men and women. The book is welcome as another contribution to the records of a century which, in its beginnings and its growths, was of sterling importance to that which followed, and of much also to ours.

MY SOUTH SEA ISLAND. By ERIC MUSPRATT. Morrow. 1931. $2.50.

This story was written by a young Englishman who spent six months as a plantation manager on the island of San Cristoval, in the Solomon Group. In his Introduction Mr. Muspratt says: "Through force of circumstances I have worked as a sailor, fireman, waiter, cook, miner, navvy, farmhand, stock rider, artist's model, heavyweight boxer, axeman, rigger, salesman, interpreter, clerk, etc., etc." In fact, he has spread his life of varied experience so thin and has been a jack of so many trades, that what he has to say of this brief experience as a plantation manager on a lonely, fever-ridden tropical island adds little to stories of that kind which have already appeared. His narrative is not to be compared, for example, with such a one as "Isles of Illusion," by another Englishman who signed himself "Asterisk." This latter deals with the same kind of experience as that of Mr. Muspratt; the raw material is the same, but there the analogy ends. It is a chapter of life so vividly portrayed that the memory of it remains, year after year. Soldiers of fortune such as "Asterisk" are rare, and it is to be regretted that they leave so few records of their experiences behind them. Soldiers of fortune such as Mr. Muspratt are common, and it is to be equally regretted that they leave so many.

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*. As for reasons of space ninety percent of the inquiries received cannot be answered in print, a stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

NOW *we are getting some real scholarship on the Pennsylvania-German Hamlet.* First came a letter from *Mr. Harrison Craver,* to whom I owe a reputation for knowing about books on engineering: "Twenty years ago dear Tom Montgomery [the late Thomas Lynch Montgomery, whom all old Philadelphians and all middle-aged librarians remember with affection.—M.L.B.] used to spout Shakespearean transcripts into that delectable tongue, the work, I understood, of some local genius. I never saw the book, but think the Pennsylvania State Library would be one of the places to ask." And in the next mail comes a letter from *Mr. W. L. Werner, of the Pennsylvania State College,* who writes:

> Possibly your correspondent, R. R. F. of Rahway, New Jersey, was asking for actual translations of Hamlet and other classics in Pennsylvania-German. Although practically all such books are out of print, the New York Public Library has an excellent collection of them.
>
> Part of "Hamlet" can be found translated in Mr. E. H. Rauch's "Pennsylvania Dutch Handbook" (Mauch Chunk, 1879). Gilbert's "Pinafore" was translated and sung, but not printed so far as I know. Most of the other translations were of short poems like Longfellow's "Psalm of Life," Poe's "Raven," Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," etc.
>
> The best book about the literature is Dr. H. H. Reichard's study in "Proceedings of the Pa.-German Society," volume 26. The best introductory anthology (with vocabulary and illustrations) is Horne's "Pa.-German Manual (Allentown, 1910). Perhaps the stores most likely to have such books are Aurand's Book Store in Harrisburg and the Bollman Bookstore in Lebanon, Pa.

And then *Mr. Frank K. Walter, Librarian of the University of Minnesota,* sent this:

> E. H. Rauch's version of a part of Hamlet appeared originally in his "Dutch Hand Book," Mauch Chunk, Pa. This is quite out of print and hard to get, but if he cannot find it in some large library he can get an extract in Horne's Pennsylvania German Manual, third edition, Allentown, Pa., 1910, page 153. This is, or was, recently obtainable from Aurand's Book Store, Harrisburg, Pa.

And here, to complete the record, is the opening of E. H. Rauch's version:

Hamlet. Act I. Scene 5

Hamlet:—Wo wid mich onna nemma?
Shwetz, ich gae nimmy weider.
Ghost:—Now mind mich.
Hamlet:—Ich will.
Ghost:—My shtoond is sheer gor comma
Os ich tzurick mus, in de shweffel's flomma,
Muss ich mich widder uf gevva.
Hamlet:—Oh! du ormas shpook!
Ghost:—Pity mich net, awer geb mer now di ora,
For ich will der amohl ebbas sawga.
Hamlet:—Shwetz rous, for ich will's now aw hara.
Ghost:—Un wann du's haresht don nemsht aw satisfaction.
Hamlet:—well, wass is 's? Rous mit!
Ghost:—Ich bin deim dawdy si shpook;
G'sentenced for a tzeit long rumm lawfa nauchts,
Un im dawg fesht shtecka im fire. . . .

The last four lines might give further piquancy to the current production of Norman Bel Geddes.

S. T. B., Ballard Vale, Mass., wants to know how an electrically driven automobile is made; he does not want directions about gear, but about the electric power. I am assured that there is no book telling how to design what is usually called a "gasoline-electric" car. There are, however, good suggestions in a paper, "Generators and Motors for Gas-Electric Motor-Coach Drive," by C. A. Atwell, in the Society of Automotive Engineers Transactions, volume 23. This will give information as to the requirements, methods adopted, and results. It also notes the principal previous papers; it won't tell how to make a car, but it may start an inquirer on his way.

L. H. S., New York, is preparing a term paper on the nurse in fiction, urged thereto by a conviction that members of this profession have been unfairly treated by novelists. "Even Mary Roberts Rinehart," she says, "makes her nurses do contemptible things." B. McA., San Francisco, Cal., also asks for novels about nurses. Oh, I don't know, they don't come off so badly, taking everything together. Norma Patterson's "Jenny (Farrar & Rinehart) is a very nice nurse, so kind-hearted that she comes into collision with hospital rules and in the end marries and retires; she was in an army hospital after the war. Ruth Sawyer's "Leerie" (Harper) was so called by her patients because she was a light-bringer to the ward at her sanitarium. "The Convalescents," by Charles F. Nirdlinger (Century), takes place in a Baltimore hospital, with a supposed-to-be hopeless patient restored largely through the charm of a young undergraduate nurse; this book, for all its faithful hospital atmosphere, has a humorous quality. The nurses in the detective stories of M. G. Eberhart, "The Patient in Room 18" (Doubleday, Doran) and "While the Patient Slept" (Doubleday, Doran) are lifelike and for the most part likable, and these are good mystery stories, too. There is all the hospital system and personnel in Thomas Mann's "Magic Mountain" (Knopf). Marion Hurd McNeely, whose recent and tragic taking-off was a loss young people's fiction will for some time continue to feel, left a completed novel for girls, "Winning Out" (Longmans, Green), in which the technique and ethics of hospital training is largely concerned; it is an excellent book for girls—of whom there are many—who have a leaning toward this profession and would like to know something about its condition and requirements while they are yet in the 'teens; one could safely put this heroine among the good nurses in fiction. Indeed, the one in "Night Nurse," which I fancy may be the novel that was this reader's last straw, is no worse, and often better than the crew by whom and with whom she is employed. No doubt I have left out other members of the profession; as nurses, so I am informed by the treasure lately part of our household, love best to read books about themselves, I trust that others will be brought forward. There is, of course, Mrs. Rinehart's "My Story" (Farrar & Rinehart), which is popular with nurses, and Irene Cooper Willis's "Florence Nightingale" (Coward-McCann), if biography is admitted, as well as Percy H. Epler's "Life of Clara Barton" (Macmillan).

M. S. H., Dayton, O., asks for several recent biographies from which to choose the subject of a review. My own first choice would be "Theodore Roosevelt," by Henry T. Pringle (Harcourt, Brace); I do not know whether it is "new" or "old" biography, this is a live man and the longer one thinks it over after reading, the more one feels that this may be the real man. In any event, I believe this will be the image of Roosevelt that will remain, as Strachey's Victoria remains. If a woman's life is required, two books have lately appeared that would make an interesting parallel study, "The Flame," the life of St. Catherine of Siena, by Jeanette Eaton (Harper), and "Jadwiga, Poland's Great Queen," by Charlotte Kellogg (Macmillan); each lived in the fourteenth century, and each was called upon to serve—in ways startlingly different—both state and church. Miss Eaton's biography, like her life of Mme. Roland, "A Daughter of the Seine" (Harper), is a young people's book only in the sense that young people would like it and be inspired by it, but it would do for any age. Mrs. Kellogg's heroine is as yet scarce even a name to English-speaking readers, who will now discover one of the most amazing marriages in the Middle Ages. Of the recent rush of lives of Napoleon's second wife—though why she should have been thus distinguished I do not know—I suggest "Marie Louise, Napoleon's Nemesis,"

O. M., New York, needs information on the "far-reaching effect of movies." The art of films, as now developed in every picture-making country, is described, analyzed, and criticized in Rotha's "The Film Today" (Cape-Smith) with a great many fine stills. I found out more from it than from any other movie book.

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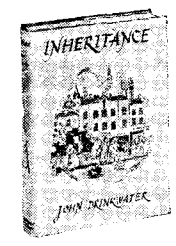

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Eda Lou Walton, N. Y. Times. $2.50

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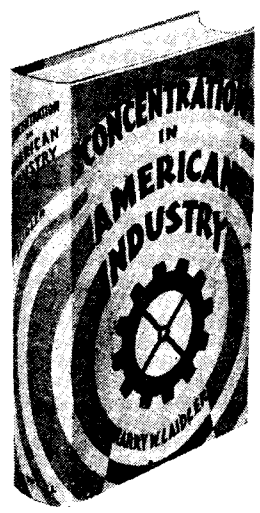

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First Aid

THE CARE AND REPAIR OF BOOKS. By HARRY MILLER LYDENBERG AND JOHN ARCHER. New York: The R. R. Bowker Company. 1931. $2.

ONE evening a season or two since when W. C. Fields was delighting his Winter Garden audience in a scene laid in a barber-shop, disaster threatened in the unlooked-for (by Mr. Fields, at any rate) collapse of one of the partitions. As it careened toward him Mr. Fields extended a hand, pushed the rampant architecture back into place, and remarked: "They don't put up these buildings the way they used to."

Mr. Lydenberg and Mr. Archer, of the New York Public Library staff, entertain a like critical attitude toward much contemporary book manufacture. Mr. Lydenberg in particular has offered up several previous jeremiads, and aided by Mr. Archer, he returns to the assault in this eminently practical little treatise, not with any hope of effecting a millennium in the materials and processes of production, but at least with the commendable intent of informing the book owner of what he can do to mitigate the evil. The book owner who does not live "near a laundry or smelter or power house," for instance, has cause to rejoice—so does the country dweller, far removed in general "from evidences of modern industrial progress."

The authors of the manual are, as one might expect, thoroughly in accord with the modern scientific view of infection in their discussion of books as potential carriers of disease: "It is safe to say that few cases of infection can be traced unquestionably to books. The best judgment calls for burning of books subjected to cases of anthrax and smallpox. It is the practice of the Department of Health of New York City to expose to fresh air and sunlight for forty-eight hours books in actual contact with patients during the infectious period of scarlet fever, septic sore throat, diphtheria, epidemic cerebrospinal meningitis, poliomyelitis, encephalitis lethargica, and typhoid fever, followed by storage for three months."

The longest of the eight chapters offers an abundance of detailed directions for the repair and mending of books. It all sounds reasonably simple, but memories of the ancient one-man top compel a withholding of judgment until some of the advice has been put to the test. The first commandment, however, is so unquestionably sound that one must approve it without either experiment or reservation: "Many books, to be sure, repaired by inexperienced hands, have been so sadly harmed that their old age is much worse than their youth. . . . There is no reason, however, why the average collector and lover of books should not make minor repairs—after he has learned how books are put together. His introduction to book anatomy should begin with dissection of useless cadavers rather than with attempts at vivisection."

J. T. W.

Limiteds Again

BEFORE the middle of November Eugene O'Neill's "Mourning Becomes Electra" was in its fourth printing, and advertisements in trade papers were announcing a limited edition of five hundred copies, each to contain a facsimile of the author's "original working Diary" (not, save us, the whole Diary?) to be "available about December 1st. Here, at any rate, is (or will be) one limited whose temporal status will be beyond cavil. There has been considerable hue and cry, particularly cry, in recent years about the priority or non-priority of limiteds, and it must be admitted that some publishers have done their worst to muddy the waters and have tossed in more mud whenever a settlement threatened. Almost without exception the limited edition is distinctly not prior, and a general acceptance of this truth by publisher and collector alike will go far to clarify a situation that has caused annoyance and, in some instances, serious harm to the rare-bookseller, who, this once anyway, is quite innocent.

Already there are straws in the wind (straws without bricks) to mark the approach of rationalism. One is the candid Liveright announcement that couples a fourth printing *in esse* with a limited *in ovo*. One is the state of the nation. One is the patient application of the bibliographer who, with calendar in one hand and stop-watch in the other, and the chain-bit of truth between his teeth, has been able to prove that, much more often than not, the limited follows the trade edition. (The implication of the term trade, as has often been pointed out, is that a limited edition is not among the vulgar concerns of commerce.)

Let there be limited editions of contemporary authors by all means if the collector wants them—and the fact that some collectors do want them is certainly no indication of an underslung intelligence. But let them be offered for what they are (or ought to be): examples of superior craftsmanship, printed and bound for such an eternity as a well-tended and worth-tending book may hope for, and graced with whatever touch of intimacy is transferable in the presence of the author's signature.

J. T. W.

Ineligible

AN earnest reader of these columns who requests that his erudition remain anonymous, noting the various instances of books which were first published in another language from that in which they were originally written, submits Sir Thomas More's "Utopia" as an entry which he himself admits cannot technically qualify. For "Utopia" was both written in Latin and first published in Latin (Louvain, 1516). Ralph Robinson's translation, the first edition in English, did not appear until 1551, sixteen years after Moore's death on the block. And even less eligible, of course, is Horace Walpole's "Castle of Otranto" (1765), despite its advertised "translation from the original Italian of Onufrio Muralto, Canon of the Church of St. Nicholas at Otranto."

Modern Graphic Art

THE New York Public Library will exhibit for the first time in America, from Tuesday, November 24th till Christmas Day, 1931, a collection of modern books, broadsides, woodcuts, manuscripts, and drawings designed in the Offenbacher Werkstatt, Offenbach-am-Main, Germany. At the same time they will show the gift books, calendars, ex libris, and type specimens printed in association with this group of artists and craftsmen and bound on their own premises by the Gebrüder Klingspor, the typefounders of the same small city.

This material is made with a purpose: to raise the standard of general work, and to show the ultimate which is possible with fine types, the best inks, and paper.

The complete coöperation between the workshop group, under the leadership of Professor Rudolf Koch, the Gebrüder Klingspo, for whom he designs type, Ernst Engel, the publisher, and Willi Harwerth, an artist, is a phenomenon rarely to be found outside of Germany where this harmony is traditional in the arts and crafts. So is the simple sincere spirit which dominates the lives no less than the work of these people.

Altogether this exhibition of Offenbach graphic art is perhaps the most virile collection of work in the Graphic Arts which has been shown in this country for years.

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Education "Pennsilvania"

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S "PROPOSALS RELATING TO THE EDUCATION OF YOUTH IN PENNSILVANIA." Facsimile reprint with an introduction by William Pepper. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press. 1931. 500 copies. $2.

ACCORDING to the census of extant copies of Franklin's "Proposals" there are seventeen firsts in the United States; there was a reprint issued by the W. L. Clements Library in 1927. The present issue is a facsimile in photozinc line blocks of the 1749 original. There is an introduction by Dr. William Pepper of Philadelphia, owner of one of the firsts, and presumably of the copy used for this facsimile.

It is interesting to note that the introduction has been set in type by hand, to match the type of the original—the result is successful. The cover is printed paper, with a repeat pattern of what one may assume (in default of more accurate knowledge) to be one of the schools in which Franklin was interested. The present reprint is satisfactory in many ways. R.

The Harvest Press

BATTLEFIELDS AND GHOSTS. By AMBROSE BIERCE. San Francisco: The Harvest Press. 1931.

DREISER. By SHERWOOD ANDERSON. The same.

THE Harvest Press is conducted by James D. Hart, an undergraduate at Stanford University as time permits. The two pamphlets listed above as well as a third, Chesterton's "At the Sign of the World's End," have been issued in conjunction with Hartley Jackson of the Stanford University Press. "George Moore in Quest of Locale: Two Letters to W. T. Stead" is now being set.

In 1904 Ambrose Bierce having been asked to address a reunion of Civil War veterans wrote to Alex. Whitehall of Logansport, Indiana, that he would be unable to attend, and sent a paper which is here printed for the first time in an edition of 115 copies. There is a frontispiece portrait of Bierce.

Of the short Dreiser pamphlet fifty copies have been printed. Both pamphlets are carefully set, in good type, and well printed. As extra-curriculum activity, printing offers many attractions, as I know from experience, and Mr. Hart's venture has the virtues of modesty and comeliness. R.

An English Epic

THE Astolat Press, London, announces the publication in April of next year of "Peckover: the Abbotsford Papers," the record for a thousand years of an imaginary English holding, written by Charles R. Ashbee, the English architect and founder of the Essex House Press at Chipping Campden. There will be many illustrations by Reginald Savage, and they will be colored by hand by the Curwen Press, which will also print the book. There will be 350 copies at £3 3sh., and ten in leather at 12 guineas. R.

Tom Jones

FIELDING'S "TOM JONES." Illustrations by ALEXANDER KING. Introduction by J. B. PRIESTLEY. New York: Limited Editions Club. 1931.

THIS new printing of Fielding's "History of a Foundling" has two very real merits: the type—Baskerville in the new linotype cutting—is very agreeable to read, despite the long lines; and the paper is thin, opaque, flexible, and of a pleasant tone. The nine hundred page book does not seem unwieldy, though for so large a book it would seem better to use stiff, instead of flexible, covers.

I cannot own to a great liking for the pictures by Alexander King, their grotesqueness not being my grotesqueness—but it is after all a matter of preference. In the present book I like best the small portraits in color at each chapter half-title.

The binding is—except that the limp sides seem to me a mistake—very handsome. It is in cowhide dyed gray, with gold-stamped design by Hornung on the spine.

The present volume is the first in the third series of the Limited Editions Club, and if you are surprised that the Club has lasted so long, consider 'Tom Jones": a long, long novel printed in large type as one fairly wieldy volume for $10. Good rag paper, leather binding, slip case. Not a half-bad "buy." R.

Modernism In Print

THE DUCTILE DUCK. Verses by LAWRENCE E. BIRDSALL, Block Prints by A. B. WEAVER, JR. Philadelphia: 1931.

THE producers of this book claim that it was undertaken as a result of some remarks of mine in this column. If I had a hand in its production—even at so great a distance from Philadelphia—I am proud of the result.

Mr. Birdsall has produced several dozen poems which are intended for children: they will not mind the flavor of Stevenson and Milne—but such flavor is good, anyway, and so are many of the poems. The printing has been done at Mr. Weaver's private press, in a sans serif type, with amusing and richly varied drawings by him. The printing has been put through on five different colors of paper, and the binding is in a gay and suggestive paper. The type setting is direct and simple, but Mr. Weaver has succeeded in getting in some pretty tricky work at that. I like the printing, and my daughter likes the verses. A good time has been had by all. R.

Cheshire House Books

POE'S "THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER." Wood engravings by Abner Epstein. New York: Cheshire House. 1931.

CARROLL'S "THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS." Illustration by Franklin Hughes. New York: Cheshire House. 1931.

OF these two recent issues of Mr. Walter Chrysler, Jr.'s Cheshire House series, "Through the Looking-glass" is not only the better, but a pleasant piece of book making as well. It is set in a Bodoni type in an open, easily read page which might have been improved, I think, by a slightly decorative running-head. Somehow page after page of just type leaves something to be desired, especially as the chapter heads are well treated.

The pictures by Franklin Hughes are well drawn in the fantastic matter-of-factness of the story, and delicately colored.

The binding is in watered silk, with gold top. If not likely to replace the original edition in the hearts of those who read Alice under the magic of Carroll and Tenniel, this printing is at least a good edition.

Of Poe's tale in the present edition, something may be said in criticism similar to the observation above about Carroll: the rather somber type pages could be livened up a good deal by the use of effective running heads. The wood engravings by Abner Epstein are of varying merit. In general I think that the new school of wood engravers who use white on black do not prove their point: there is a tendency to slur the drawing, and to make too much of mere black ink. The binding is of a coarse basket-weave cotton fabric which I do not remember to have seen used before. R.

One of the latest books in Braille type to be completed by the National Institute for the Blind is the Bible in Arabic. It has taken over five years to complete, and fills thirty-two volumes.

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REFLECTION ON STEPS TO BE TAKEN
The human race is subject to many menaces. But none, perhaps, so dire as parthenogenesis

NEWS!

The new OGDEN NASH, *Free Wheeling*, is in its third printing within three days of publication . . . . Other titles considered for this uproarious sequel to *Hard Lines* were *Softer Curves . . . Faster Music and Harder Lines . . . The King's English Murder Case . . . Faith, Hope, and Malice. . . . Teethings by Nash. . . . The Golden Trashery of Ogden Nashery . . .* and *It Might Be Verse. . . .*

RIPLEY'S *New Believe It Or Not (Series Two)* is an oustanding best-seller, according to both local and national reports from The American News Company, A. R. Womrath, Frederick Loeser and R. H. Macy.

Other notable *Inner Sanctum* books that began as best-sellers and are still going steadily are *Men of Art* by THOMAS CRAVEN, published last Spring and still selling at the rate of 700 copies a month, on top of a tremendous distribution to members of the Book-of-the-Month-Club, . . . and *Living Philosophies*, a symposium on first and last things by Albert Einstein, H. G. Wells, John Dewey, et al., which was the July Book-of-the-Month selection, and is still selling at the rate of 2,000 copies a month. . . . Among the noble worst sellers is *Mary Lee*, a novel by GEOFFREY DENNIS, almost universally hailed by the critics as a work of genius, and almost universally neglected by the reading public. . . .

Phantom Fame or the Anatomy of Ballyhoo by HARRY REICHENBACH and DAVID FREEDMAN, with a foreword by WALTER WINCHELL, is Causing Talk and Provoking Belly-Laughs in High Places. . . . It Tells All About the Big Shots of the Main Stem. . . . A few advance copies of the de luxe memorial edition of Phantom Fame were sold at prices ranging from $100 to $1,000 per copy. . . . The reviewers are raving about *Forsaking All Others* by ALICE DUER MILLER, a novel in verse, first acclaimed by F. P. A., ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT, and OSCAR GRAEVE, editor of *Delineator*. . . . Advance interest in the Lenz-Culbertson bridge battle of the century is running high. . . . Ditto for the FRANK HARRIS biography of GEORGE BERNARD SHAW, with letters and a postscript by G. B. S. himself, due on the bookstands November 27th, and the DELACORTE-ANTHONY-ZILCH *Book of Ballyhoo* due Any Minute Now. . . .

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The PHŒNIX NEST

WE hadn't been in the new Waldorf-Astoria before, when we entered its vast precincts over a week ago, to find *Mr. Macrae's* party for *A. A. Milne*. We can't say that the new Waldorf satisfied us, though at the party we eventually saw many familiar faces and quite a collection of celebrities. Quiet Mr. Milne

A. A. MILNE.

must have been rather overwhelmed. The line formed on the right. We ourself went around hunting for something with a stick in it. We sought in vain. We espied *Kermit Roosevelt* hastily swallowing a cup of tea. We encountered the attractive *Frieda Inescort*, who has acted in several of Mr. Milne's plays; and on the way back to the apartment of her and her husband, *Ben Ray Redman*, we purchased three lemons for a dime. But she wouldn't let us carry the parcel, as in England men never carry parcels. That's the difference. Over there they only carry sticks and over here we carry nothing else *but* parcels. With Mr. Redman we then discussed *Alexander Woollcott's* press notices and other matters, to the accompaniment of an icy tintinnabulation in a metal container. Blue evening in a great city always induces in us a violet melancholy that can only be cured by some such accompaniment. We then departed into the dusk and soon found ourself in a softly-lighted and pleasing resort which is shaped rather like a Pullman car. There we ran into *Charlotte Barbour* and her husband, who were just finishing their dinner; and we talked a bit of *Harrison Smith's* new plans and of the fortunes, which seem to be in excellent shape, of the Barbour-McKeogh literary agency. Later in the evening, after having dined on one of the best steaks we have ever eaten, we found ourself trailing westward somewhat and finally sitting across from *Bob Benchley* and reviving memories of the earlier acting of *Nazimova*. With him we laid our annual wager on the Yale-Harvard game, and by the time you read this we shall probably have lost it! . . .

Our thoughts seem to run to the drama, these days, not that we know anything about it. We have, for instance, been pondering "Mourning Becomes Electra," or, as someone else said, "Morning Becomes Evening," and find ourself delivered of the following:

Apparently,
We say "apparently,"
The genius of our stage in this age is 'Gene O'Neill.
Admittedly
Unanimous,
In this one special instance all the critics come to heel:
Yet Orestes and his momma
Were a wow in ancient drama—
Ante-Freudian, albeit, in original appeal.

Just possibly,
We say "just possibly,"
In examining all sources in the pages, say, of Jebb,
Both Sophocles,
And stout Euripides,
And Æschylus who twitched old human nature by the neb
And led it much furderer
Through murderess and murderer,—
Wove something rather good from the Erinyes' fatal web.

Those stasimons
And those old choruses—
And only Gilbert Murray ever gets the thing at all—
That plangency
Of languaging,
That trenchancy of accent is corrective to recall;
And when a bard can break spear
With speeches that were Shakespeare,
The stage may crackle lightning and a thund'rous curtain fall.

With diffidence,
Indeed with diffidence,
Admitting all the power of the Provincetonian seer,
The structure he has builded
And the lily Theatre-Guilded,
And the mammoth presentation of the drayma of the year,—
Well, they didn't need a derrick
To exalt the post-Homeric,
For they slung a mighty tongue that could convey the same idear!

It seems, however, that *Richard Aldington* does not agree that literary merit is the foundation of a good play. He contends, in his objection to Irish playwriting in England, that it is but the coping-stone. In the London *Sunday Referee* he wrote recently that he regarded *Mr. Noel Coward* as "the man sent of God to deliver us from the Irish," explaining that while he had an infinite respect and sympathy for the Irish, he thought they had the wrong idea concerning playwriting. In other words:

The English in old Ireland
Aroused old Ireland's rage,
So the Irish came to England
And took the English stage.

O their's to bear the burden
And their's to snatch the bays,
As the Irish brogue was heard in
So many Irish plays.

But there arose an Englishman
Whose various talent flowered
In art that charms the thespian,—
His name was Noel Coward.

O his to heed the clarion call,
Set lance, and charge the lists,—
For Britons never, never shall
Be Irish dramatists!

Germane to this song-and-dance is the news that an Irishman, *Shaemas O'Sheel*—and a good poet he is—has, on the basis of *Jebb's* literal translation, prepared a new version of the "Antigone" of *Sophocles*. He says in part:

> Greek drama has an undying freshness which can be revived for the modern reader. William Butler Yeats showed the way by putting "King Œdipus" into simple prose, with the choruses in simple verse. I have followed his example. That my text has beauty as well as simplicity is the opinion of the New York School of the Theatre, which will produce the play this season; of a great actor, Augustin Duncan, and of a learned student of ancient Greece, Raymond Duncan; while Lennox Robinson, playwright and co-director of the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, compares it all too kindly with the work of Yeats.

Mr. O'Sheel is turning to his friends to get his book published by advance subscription. If the response is prompt, the book can be got out soon enough to be an acceptable Christmas or New Year's present. The poet's address is 157 Clinton Street, Brooklyn, New York. . . .

Recently we mentioned *Malcolm Cowley's* articles in *The New Republic*, and now we are able to state that they will appear in a book to be called "The Lost Generation," which W. W. Norton & Company will publish in the Spring of 1932. . . .

We have been sincerely grieved by the death of *William Morrow*, the publisher. Associated eminently with the National Association of Book Publishers, he had served on the old *McClure's Magazine* under "S. S." and *John Phillips*, had been on *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly* in the days of *Ellery Sedgwick's* incumbency there, was nineteen years with the Frederick A. Stokes Publishing Company, and then, in 1926, formed his own firm, William Morrow & Company, which will now proceed with exactly the same organization as before and carry on the ideals and sound principles of publishing which he represented. . . .

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